The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1896.

The Week.

THE walls of the anti-McKinley Jericho have been knocked too flat by the blast of the Illinois trumpet to be rebuilt. Quay and Platt and Manley make a dismal pretence at continued cheerfulness, but they see the fatal drift away from them, and know it cannot be checked. With the ablest, most prudent and far-sighted Republican leaders against him, or at least gravely doubtful of the wisdom of his nomination, with the most conservative elements of his party East and West desiring another type of man, McKinley is moving on triumphantly to an almost certain victory at St. Louis. What does it mean? It means the triumph of ignorant, one-idea extremists. It means that the currency may go hang, provided only we may have another high-tariff debauch. It means, moreover, a distinct threat that we shall get another high tariff, as we got the last one, only by a corrupt bargain, involving the debasement of the currency. Senator Teller was most explicit on this point, in his rôle of Republican *enfant terrible* the other day. He taunted the Republican tariff extremists with their inability to reënact the McKinley bill in the next Senate. It cannot be done without placating the eight or ten Republican silver Senators who will hold the balance of power. But will McKinley or his kind in the Senate hesitate to give them their pound of flesh in the shape of shattered national finances? Not for an instant. Congressman Draper of Massachusetts is already out for a currency of lead, or anything whatever, if necessary to get high duties again. This is the threat to business and finance involved in the McKinley boom. This will be the meaning of his success at St. Louis and at the polls, as interpreted by his own friends.

Senator-elect Foraker hastens to notify the Eastern Republicans that they will get neither candidate nor platform at St. Louis. In the name of McKinley himself, he asserts that the Republican national convention will declare not for the gold standard, but for bimetallism, and against free coinage of silver only temporarily and conditionally. This would fittingly make nominee and principles alike two-faced, and complete the serious threat to stability of business and finance involved in the McKinley candidacy. Foraker, of course, is bound to exalt the Ohio currency plank as the sum of financial wisdom, and expects the advocacy of bimetallism to carry another Ohio man, whom modesty does not forbid him to mention, into the White House in 1900. But there is every reason to believe that a determined effort to place the party squarely on the gold standard would be successful. Sentiment has changed greatly since the Ohio shuffle was adopted. A declaration for the gold standard is really about all that Eastern Republicans have left to fight for, and they may as well concentrate their energies on this important point. The platform has to be adopted before the candidate is nominated. No one doubts that McKinley would stand on any kind of a platform offered him. The despondent anti-McKinley leaders cannot do better than struggle to put him on a gold plank. He would look just as picturesque and be a good deal safer.

Vermont's unexpected declaration for McKinley is the severest blow Speaker Reed's candidacy has yet received. It is not simply a question of the delegates involved (they number only eight). Mr. Reed has all along confidently counted upon a solid New England vote behind him, but now the McKinley poachers have filled their bag from his own preserves. He is thus unable to pose any longer as even a sectional candidate. To be that is not of itself a great distinction or advantage in a canvass for the Presidential nomination, but it was the strongest rôle left the Speaker, and now that has been made impossible for him. His candidacy has never had a national character—some of his New England support has before looked dubious; and now one State has openly left him. It was a great stroke on the part of the McKinley managers, and it is not a little significant that their first undoubted success in breaking into New England should have been won in the most purely agricultural State. It is an indisputable, though very curious, fact, that the most genuine and unbought enthusiasm for McKinley is to be found among farmers—not, as one would have expected, among artisans and manufacturers. The only explanation is that the farming mind is peculiarly susceptible to the McKinley logic. We had good crops when we had a high tariff, and how are you going to get away from that? The bucolic mind in England during the Napoleonic wars was just as firmly convinced that there would never be another good harvest if peace were made. George Eliot's novels, with the insight they give into the mysterious operations of the agricultural intellect, are the political manual to which we should send any one asking for the reasons of McKinley's great popularity among American farmers. The proved venality of our "yeoman" voters should also be taken into account.

How shall we explain the enthusiasm for one who is neither a military hero, a leader in civil life, nor a "magnetic" man? It is the fact, which was itself a mere chance, that McKinley's name came to be associated with a tariff act, the passage of which was coincident with a period of prosperity, and the repassage of which is believed by the masses to be capable of immediately restoring that prosperity. A mere chance, we say. In the Republican caucus which nominated Reed for Speaker in 1889, McKinley stood second with 39 votes, and Cannon of Illinois third with 22. Custom virtually decrees the naming, by the successful candidate, of his chief rival as chairman of the ways and means committee, and so "leader of the House." If Cannon had received the 39 votes and McKinley the 22, it would have been the Cannon tariff act, and we should have had to-day, with precisely as much reason, unbounded enthusiasm for Cannon—a man, by the way, with quite as much claim to the Presidency, in point of ability, as McKinley—and Cannon's claim would seem too ridiculous for consideration. In other words, the enthusiasm for McKinley is a matter of neither brains nor heart. It is not based upon admiration of the man's ability or upon affection for one who makes tens of thousands regard him as a personal friend. It is purely a matter of the pocket. It is based upon the belief among the masses that McKinley's election in 1896—or, for that matter, Cannon's, if Cannon had been appointed chairman of the ways and means committee in 1889—will give them constant work with easy hours at high wages. In short, it rests upon the theory that the tariff is the most important thing in the country, and that the Government can mark wages up or down. It is due to the spreading among the ignorant of the idea that prosperity is to be determined by votes.

McKinley's defenders have "pointed with pride" to a stump speech in August, 1891, in which he condemned free coinage. One trouble about this speech is that, even though McKinley may have been right on the silver question in August, 1891, he did not stay so long. Only two years later, in September, 1893, the Ohio financier was making speeches on the same question again, and this was the way he talked:

> "The silver product of the country, one of the most important we have, should not be discriminated against, but some plan should be devised for its utilization as a money which will insure, not the displacement of gold, but the safe and full use of both, as exchanges among the people."

This speech was delivered at a most critical time. President Cleveland had called an extra session of Congress for the express purpose of repealing the silver-purchase act, and the House had promptly responded to his appeal. But the Senate

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halted and hesitated for weeks, until the sound-money men of the country were almost in despair. It was in this gloomy period that McKinley raised his voice, not to help the men of both parties who were fighting for sound money against heavy odds, but to help the other side by protesting against any discrimination to the prejudice of silver, and demanding the use of silver as fully as of gold.

It is encouraging to find that Republican politicians and newspapers representing the business interests of the country are expressing the apprehension which prevails over the prospect of McKinley's nomination on a "straddling" platform. Mr. Depew says that the country has suffered for years because of the doubt about our currency, that this has been one of the causes of the financial and industrial depression from which we are still suffering, and that "the 'hold-up' in the Senate, by the silver Senators, of all measures for the relief of the Treasury, for the increase of its revenue, for the national defence, for the protection of American industries, unless coupled with the free coinage of silver upon an arbitrary ratio, has made the money question the leading and most important issue to be decided in this campaign." He adds that no party which fails emphatically to take the ground that the United States must be put permanently upon a gold basis "can carry New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, or Massachusetts. Upon any other basis Pennsylvania will be doubtful, as will also be Michigan, Minnesota, and Illinois. The question now can neither be sidetracked nor eliminated nor suppressed." The unanimity for protection, he declares, places that principle out of danger. Even more significant and encouraging is the similar attitude of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, published in the very stronghold of protection. The *Ledger* asserts that "the real issue of the campaign is the currency"; that "the tariff is an issue which need not be considered by either candidates, leaders, or organs"; that "the country could better do without any tariff than suffer the lowering of the currency to a silver basis"; and that "the Republican convention should nominate no man, the country vote for no man, who is not an open, manly, pronounced supporter of the gold standard of monetary value."

Senator Teller's blurting out of the truth on Wednesday week about the corrupt bargain by which the McKinley act was got in exchange for the silver-purchase act was a complete exposure, and stripped away the last rag with which Senator Sherman has attempted to cover his own shameful part in the transaction. He has asserted more than once, and specifically in his recent 'Recollections,' that Harrison would not have vetoed a free-coinage bill, and that the purchase act was devised as a means of heading off free coinage. Not at all, affirmed Teller, while not a Senator dared contradict him. Harrison would have vetoed a free-coinage bill. If we had, as we threatened, put a free-coinage rider on the McKinley bill, he would have vetoed both tariff and coinage. This was perfectly well known to Sherman and the other Republicans, and to save their tariff they bribed the silver Senators with the purchase act. This is the undoubted truth. Senator Teller relieves Mr. Harrison from Sherman's charge that he was friendly to free coinage, but does not relieve him from the odium of playing the part assigned him in the corrupt bargain.

The early Democratic convention in Missouri, with its silver-mad resolutions, appears to have roused sound-money Democrats to the need of making a fight. They have buckled on their armor, and have already won a great victory in Michigan, where they last week unhorsed the boasting silver-men, and elected the delegates-at-large to Chicago, with a majority of the district delegates, on a gold platform. The silverites went down shrieking, "We are beaten because we have been bought up!" But this cry is not a good one to base a contesting delegation upon. Nor has it a proud, defiant ring about it, calculated to strengthen the nerves of silver delegates in other State conventions. A suspicion that buying-up may be done is a deadly one to implant in a silver breast, and the main result will be, we fear, to send hundreds of silver champions to conventions anxiously inquiring when the process is to begin, and where the paymaster is to be found. The Michigan victory, with the strong and uncompromising plank adopted by the Pennsylvania Democrats, is of excellent omen.

The Senate on Friday varied the exchange of billingsgate between New York and South Carolina by striking out two of the four battle-ships provided for in the naval bill. This action was taken on the ground of economy, but the point made against it by Congressman Boutelle is perfectly fair. He justly says that the Senate has been the inflammatory, bullying body in this Congress. It has done its best to plunge the country into two foreign wars. Senator Sherman, as chairman of the committee on foreign relations, has been chief incendiary. Yet now, when it is a question of getting ready to make his brave words good, of preparing to fight with ships instead of resolutions, he is found voting against the ships. This new inconsistency will not trouble a veteran in inconsistency like Mr. Sherman, but it is highly significant of the headless course of the Senate all this session. It has advocated a domineering, aggressive policy towards other nations, which, if it was seriously intended, would require the building of a first-class navy at the earliest possible moment. It has derided the business aspect of a foreign war, delighting to call those who urged it cravens and traitors. Yet it weakly withdraws from even a moderate preparation for war, on the plea that there is no money available. It thus frankly confesses that its mouthing of last December and February was mere imbecile bluster.

The Platt-Tammany liquor combine, which has been suspected of being behind the Raines tax law, is very plainly revealed in the remarkable information published by the *Evening Post* concerning the surety company of which one of Platt's sons is the manager. There is no doubt about the accuracy of this information. It shows with startling plainness that Platt's son's company is openly giving bonds to liquor-dealers without requiring the usual oath or affidavit as to the truth of their statements, and is saying to them that this relieves them of all liability which might be incurred in case the statements which had been sworn to turned out to be false. In addition to this, the intimation is conveyed to all applicants that if they get their bonds from the Platt company they will be protected by the Platt "pull" with the confidential agents, and will not be disturbed if they violate the law. The consequence is that the Platt company, although its rates are higher and its financial standing is inferior to that of its rivals, is doing a roaring business, the great majority of liquor-dealers believing that the name of Platt is worth more than all other considerations combined.

The formal dedication on Saturday of the new site for Columbia College marked what is certain to be the beginning of a new era for this city. It is the first step towards the establishment in the heart of the city of a really good university, fully equipped with all the attributes and facilities of a modern institution of learning of the first rank. When the new buildings whose cornerstones were laid on Saturday shall have been completed, and the beautiful site upon which they are to stand shall have received its full allotment of structures, the old college will enter upon a new and larger life which cannot fail to exert an elevating and beneficent influence upon the city. It will become more than ever before the centre of the city's intellectual life, and will aid powerfully in the development of our greatest municipal need, a sensitive and active civic pride.

The Transvaal Calvinists are evidently as great sticklers for the doctrine of their own, as for that of divine, sovereignty. They want all sinners and filibusters to understand that it is a dangerous thing to trifle with either. It has been said of

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Jonathan Edwards that he would condemn uncounted millions to hell without the flicker of an eyelash, though personally he would not harm a fly; the Boers, however, believe in punishment in both worlds. Yet no one supposed that their sentence of death on the Johannesburg revolutionists was anything more than a matter of form, to be hereafter graciously remitted or commuted by President Krüger. In fact, it is inconceivable that the accused persons should have pleaded guilty unless assured in advance of getting off on tolerable terms. But, though thus purely *pro forma*, their sentence will do a world of good to hotheads and adventurers in South Africa and elsewhere. The sovereignty of a weak power has come to mean, to far too many, a thing to sport with at will. Only one or two of the revolutionary missionaries' sons in Hawaii, for example, seemed to have the slightest idea that they were risking their necks. And the jaunty way in which Jameson and his gentleman raiders set out to overthrow the government of a friendly power, shows how vague were their ideas of law and international obligation. President Krüger has done well to magnify the terrors of outraged sovereignty, human as well as divine. He has also given Chamberlain a terrible lesson in diplomacy.

It begins to look as if Chamberlain's real reason for so anxiously desiring President Krüger to come to London was a hope that the simple-minded old Boer would bring the incriminating telegrams along with him in his grip-sack, *à la* Mulligan, and that they might be wormed out of him and suppressed. The Colonial Secretary must have learned of their existence from Jameson himself, or from Cecil Rhodes; and his feelings, with the certainty that they were hanging over his head all the while, we leave to those familiar with the villains on the Bowery stage to imagine. What was morally certain from the first is now put beyond serious question—namely, that Jameson was acting throughout with the cognizance, if not under the direct orders, of Cecil Rhodes, and that the whole raid, so bepraised in London music-halls and by the Poet Laureate, was simply a piratical expedition carefully planned by the leading officials of the Chartered Company. President Krüger has published the telegrams captured with Jameson at just the right dramatic moment, and we shall hear less about Boer bloodthirstiness and more about Boer astuteness. That there was treason at Johannesburg, and an attack on a friendly country plotted at Cape Town, is now clear; and the treason and the plot have not even the immoral justification of having been successful. Swift and complete disavowal by England, and stern measures with the implicated officials, are imperatively demanded. Chamberlain cannot be sure, either, that the innocent old Dutch farmer has not a lot more of mighty interesting telegrams up his sleeve.

Mr. Chamberlain, besides suffering from the recalcitrancy and shrewdness of the venerable Oom Paul, is beginning to suffer from the proposed remission of taxes on land. The deadly parallel has opened on him, and will probably play on him now steadily for weeks. The London *Daily News* has two terrible extracts from speeches made in 1885, when Mr. Chamberlain was a furious Radical, and compared Ireland to Poland. In one he warns the farmers, in almost savage terms, that no relief of local taxation will do much for them. "But," says the great man, "even if the farmer could get all he desired in those two respects [protection and reduction of local taxation], that would not benefit him one iota, though it might enable his landlord to extract a higher rent." The other, from a speech made in 1883, is still more dreadful, and deserves full quotation:

> "Lord Salisbury coolly proposes to hand it over indirectly, if not directly, to the landlords of the country in the shape of a contribution in aid of local taxes. I must say that I never recollect any public man propose in a franker—I might even say in a more audacious—manner to rob Peter in order to pay Paul. And what makes it worse is, that in this case Peter is represented by the landless millions who have no other wealth than their labor and their toil, while Paul is the great landlord, with 20,000 acres, who is seeking to relieve himself of his share of taxation by shifting it on to the shoulders of his less fortunate fellow-countrymen."

Mr. Chamberlain will probably say that a man has a right to change his mind in thirteen years, and so he has; but as long as the moral government of the world lasts, Providence will keep an eye on politicians of Mr. Chamberlain's stamp, through all their mutations. Mr. Chamberlain probably little thought, in the midst of the recent burst of popularity, that Oom Paul was getting ready the humble instrument of his humiliation.

The dissension in France between the Chamber and the Senate over the income-tax causes the London *Daily News* to remark:

> "Whether such a convenient and efficacious mode of raising revenue be desirable in France at the present moment is a point for Frenchmen, and not for foreigners, to decide. But to denounce it as robbery, or, except in the strictly technical sense of the term, confiscation, is ridiculous."

In a certain sense this is true, but Frenchmen who consider an income-tax "robbery" or "confiscation" are not wholly to blame, and are really no more ridiculous than the people who talk about it as "scientific." An income-tax would be the best of all taxes if it were levied off people who liked it and told the truth about their incomes. In England and Germany it does reasonably well because there it is simply a tax, and is not thought of as anything else. In this country or France it would not be a tax. It would be a means on the part of the poor or more numerous for punishing the rich or the minority for being well off. So that whether it is a tax or not a tax depends on the people who pay it. Considering the state of relations between the classes in France, it is not surprising that the class which has an income opposes, tooth and nail, the desire of the class which has none to make it pay the expenses of the Government, for to that it would come. The income-tax in such countries is the weapon through which the unsuccessful hope to make the successful smart. In this country the income-tax would have been, if leviable, a means by which the poor agricultural and silver States would make the rich or business States contribute most of the revenue, and the rate would have been increased in every Congress, and likewise the number of people who collect it. Salvation from it is one of the best pieces of work the Supreme Court ever did for us. For half a century in France the Socialists have been looking for it as a mode not of raising money for the Government so much as of carrying out their own views of state policy. The taxes of every country should be framed with reference to its social and political conditions. There is no more a science of taxation than a science of medicine. There is an art of taxation, which is an extremely interesting art, and consists mainly in finding out what kind of person the taxpayer is, and how he lives.

To people who ask what is the matter with Spain, why she fell from the primacy of Europe, why her government is so inefficient, and all that, a very good answer is furnished by the spectacle witnessed in Madrid on Monday. The bones of a thirteenth-century saint were carried through the streets in solemn procession by 800 priests, and nine-day services are now being held in the cathedral, with Queen and Ministry present, as a means of bringing to an end the prevailing drought and triumphantly concluding the Cuban war. Of the religious significance of all this we say nothing, but as a chunk of pure mediævalism it has the highest political significance. It shows how poor is the pretence that Spain is really a part of the modern world. Much as she has undeniably advanced since the revolution of 1868, many as are her partial adjustments to present-day conditions, it is evident that the political ideas of the great majority of her people remain those of the time of the Armada. Philip really relied upon San Lorenzo more than upon his ships, and Madrid clearly thinks better of the fighting qualities of San Isidro than of Gen. Weyler. What can the most enlightened Ministers do when they have to get on, under universal suffrage, with a people who put their political trust in a saint's relics? It seems idle to ask when Spain is going to reform and modernize her government of Cuba; she has first to accomplish the harder task of reforming and modernizing the Spanish mind.

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THE DIVIDED SILVERITES.

THE letter which Senator Wolcott of Colorado wrote last week to the chairman of the Republican central committee for his State is a sign of the times. It is nothing less than an offer to surrender from the heart of the silver camp. Senator Wolcott says that the Colorado Republican State convention, which is to meet next week, may decline to be represented at the national convention of the party at St. Louis, or it may select delegates. If the latter course shall be adopted, as he impliedly advises, he holds that "the duty of the delegation will be to attend the convention, make the best fight possible for bimetallism in the committee on resolutions and on the floor of the convention if there shall be opportunity for discussion before the whole convention, and, after having insisted by every proper method upon the duty of the convention to declare in favor of the restoration of silver as a measure of value equally with gold, to accept the will of the majority of the convention, and endeavor to secure the nomination of the candidate most friendly to Western interests." While declaring himself ready to make any sacrifice to secure the remonetization of silver (in the interest of national prosperity), and counting party ties as nothing in comparison with that end, he sees that "both of the two great parties are apparently opposed to free coinage by the United States," while the Populist party advocates the policy only as a stepping-stone to other measures "which would be, if adopted, destructive of free institutions," and he knows of "no fourth party as yet entitled to our confidence and support." He proceeds:

> "Under these circumstances and conditions, therefore, I desire to be counted as a Republican, proud of the traditions of my party, glorying in its achievements, and still hopeful that the great party which has heretofore stood for the masses against the classes, may on this great economic question yet range itself on the side of humanity and of civilization."

Mr. Wolcott is the ablest among the younger members of the Senate, and the most independent, as was illustrated a few weeks ago by his leading the opposition in the upper branch to the Jingo craze that followed the President's Venezuelan message. He has great influence with his party in his State, having secured a reëlection without difficulty at the end of his first term last year. He is the strongest man among the Senators from the silver States. The sole hope of success for those States in making an impression upon the St. Louis convention was a "united front" among their Republicans. They must stand together in the policy of menacing the advocates of the gold standard with a bolt from that convention and a consequent loss of their States to the Republican ticket in November. Such a stand would arrest the attention of the whole country, and might frighten weak-kneed Republican politicians. Senator Wolcott's letter has rendered the adoption of this policy impossible. It furnishes a rallying-point for those partisans (and they are always a large element in every political organization) who have always voted the straight ticket for President, however much it went against the grain, and who are now ready to welcome a good argument for doing the same thing next fall.

The publication of it was followed by a speech from Mr. Wolcott's Colorado colleague, in which Mr. Teller announced that he would do his best to secure a declaration for free coinage at St. Louis, and would bolt the party if he should not succeed.

> "I am frequently asked," he said, "what I will do if the political party with which I am connected, and whose record I am proud of, adopts the gold standard and puts itself in line with those who are demanding that gold, and gold alone, shall measure the values of the world. I have no hesitation in saying here, as I have said before and shall say again, that, whenever the political party to which I belong ceases to represent my sentiments and my judgment, I will cease to act with it. When the Democratic party, in which I was brought up and educated, became the party of oppression and wickedness, I got out of it. I should despise myself if I should lift my hand to put in power any one who, in the executive chair, would use the slightest influence to maintain the present system of finance. I should despise myself, as you ought to despise me, if I did not lift my voice against it on every occasion; and if I lift my voice one way and vote another way, you would have a right to accuse me of hypocrisy. Mr. President, as I speak, so I will vote, in the interest, as I believe, of the great masses of men in this country, in the interest of the great masses of men throughout Christendom."

This declaration is to be welcomed by all people who hate compromise and would have no more shuffling on the issue of the day. Mr. Teller was a member of the committee on resolutions at the Republican national convention of 1892, which reported that extraordinary plank affirming that "the American people, from tradition and interest, favor bimetallism," and that "the Republican party demands the use of both gold and silver as standard money," etc. Four years ago the Colorado Senator was ready to accept a declaration facing both ways, and to go home and tell his constituents that it meant free coinage, while New Englanders interpreted it the other way. This year he insists upon a plank which will mean the same thing in Massachusetts as in Colorado, and he will leave the party unless he can get such a plank.

The two utterances of the Colorado Senators ought to settle the question of free coinage at St. Louis. Mr. Teller shows that there are silver-men in the Republican party who put silver above party fealty. Mr. Wolcott shows that there are Republicans among the silverites who care more for the party than for the metal. Mr. Teller's attitude proves that his wing of Republicans cannot be held in the organization without a free-coinage plank; Mr. Wolcott's that the Republicans whom he represents will not bolt if the platform shall declare explicitly against 16 to 1. The real danger of the situation, however, is from the Wolcott wing of silver-State Republicans rather than the Teller wing. Everybody will see that the party cannot satisfy the latter element. The risk will lie in the attempt to placate the men for whom Mr. Wolcott stands, and to "let them down easy." There is still another danger, and an even more serious one. A strong candidate can be trusted on a weak platform, but a weak candidate is to be dreaded on the strongest platform. There is a clause in Mr. Wolcott's letter which has a direct bearing upon this point, and which should be carefully considered by sound-money men. We refer to his making it the duty of the overruled Colorado delegation to "endeavor to secure the nomination of the candidate most friendly to Western interests." This can have but one meaning. Such a candidate would be one who was anxious to "do something for silver," and who would strain a point for that purpose. There is a timely warning in Mr. Teller's revelation that Mr. Harrison consented to the silver-purchase act of 1890 because silver Republican Senators threatened to place a free-coinage rider on the McKinley act unless the President and the sound-money men in Congress would agree to "do something for silver."

GOV. MORTON AND THE PLATFORM.

Gov. MORTON was elected, in 1894, on a platform which said, among other things:

> "We arraign the administration of Gov. Flower for its glaring sins of omission and commission. The executive of this State was the accomplice of the odious Democratic machine which stole the Legislature. . . . He put the canals in the hands of party workers, and made a highway of politics of a highway of commerce; he blocked the path of ballot reform and of home rule in violation of his solemn pledges; he made a mockery of civil-service reform, and in every emergency was the ready tool of machine bosses instead of being the Governor of the State. . . . We pledge to the people an improved civil service, municipal home rule, an acceptable excise law, etc., and free and fair primaries, as fully protected by law as general elections."

The amended Constitution was submitted to the people at the election at which Gov. Morton was chosen. The platform said of this amended Constitution:

> "We recognize the wisdom of the Constitutional Convention in dealing in important and needed revision and amendment of the Constitution of the State, and commend the action thus far taken by that convention to the favorable consideration of the people."

Gov. Morton ran on this platform, and on it received the hearty support of the honest and conservative people of the State. His majority was 156,000, the largest ever received by any candidate in this State, except one. The amended Constitution, thus approved by the convention, with which he must have been perfectly familiar, was submitted to the people at the same election, and received a majority of over 83,000. One of the most important amendments provided that all the appointive offices of the State should be filled by competitive examination "so far as practicable." Another provided that every act affecting a city should be submitted

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to the Mayor thereof for his approval. That this latter was not meant to be a mere form was shown by the fact that the provision was also made that, if the Mayor so vetoed it, it would have to be passed by the Legislature a second time. This evidently meant that the reasons for overruling the veto should be weighty, and lucid, and capable of clear expression on paper. The amendment was meant to put a stop to the practice, in both parties, of forcing bills affecting cities hastily through the Legislature against the will and often without the knowledge of the constituted municipal authorities.

Now, suppose Gov. Morton had written a letter of acceptance containing, among others, the following passages:

"I note what you say with regard to my predecessor's administration of the canals —that 'he put them in the hands of party workers, and made a highway of politics of a highway of commerce.' I shall do, as nearly as may be, the same thing. As soon as inaugurated I shall put the canals into the hands of one of the most notorious and unscrupulous workers of the Republican party. I shall not consider his antecedents as regards the State service, nor shall I ask him what his views and intentions are touching the civil-service amendment of the Constitution. I shall simply tell him to go ahead and do what he did before. When I find him totally disregarding the law and setting the Civil-Service Commission at defiance, I shall neither remove nor rebuke him. I shall allow him to go on in his own way and fight the competitive system in the courts, and get all he can out of the canals as a highway of politics.

"As regards the Civil-Service Commission, I shall promptly reorganize it, and, without giving any reason to the public, shall remove one of its members, who is known to be faithful to his duties, and put in his place one of its bitterest and best-known enemies, and I shall do this not on my own judgment either, but under the advice and pressure of a characterless New York expressman, who desires that the majority of such commission shall be hostile to the new system of appointment as intended by the Constitution. As soon as I have arranged this, I shall sign a bill providing for a very large number of employees, with high salaries, and I shall allow these to be selected by the expressman above mentioned, and used for his own purposes. Sixty of these, one for each county, are to be, he says, 'special agents,' and I see that he has provided that they shall be 'confidential' persons in order to withdraw them from the examinations provided by the new Constitution. I am rather sorry he has done this, but he must have his way. I shall impose no restrictions on him as to their character and antecedents, but let him select them as he pleases, and think it not unlikely that he will select, for the most part, bummers without standing or occupation. At the head of this organization he is to put a creature of his own, who tells me that he cannot have his appointees examined competitively, because 'there is not time.'

"I am much interested in the changes made by the amended Constitution in the matter of city government. The people evidently intend that the old system of legislative tinkering with city charters shall cease, and that, unless under very extraordinary circumstances, such as the complete domination of a city by a corrupt boss like Tweed, all proposed changes in municipal government shall emanate from the people of the place and from their duly elected authorities. In order to check departures from this sound and wholesome rule, I see the mayors have been given a veto power. But it will not be convenient this year to pay much attention to this amendment. I shall allow the expressman above mentioned to draft the largest scheme of city government ever set on foot, not excepting the reorganization of London, with the assistance of a young lawyer living in the country. I am aware that the expressman is a very ignorant, illiterate person, who has had no experience in real statecraft, and, as far as I can learn, the young lawyer is still worse. But they are both very anxious to try their hands at charter-making. I wish they would not, but I do not see my way to preventing them. I should like very much, too, to have the approval of the mayors of the two cities of New York and Brooklyn for their work, and should like to have it submitted, according to the American practice, to the people. But both the expressman and the lawyer say they care nothing about the approval of the mayors, and are unwilling to submit it to the people. In fact, both mayors and people have disapproved of it. This is a very unfortunate thing to occur in a Presidential year, but what can I do? Both the expressman and the lawyer are very obstinate persons. The expressman, it is true, holds no public office, but I am, after all, only a Governor of the State of New York, and he will control ever so many votes at St. Louis. The situation is a very disagreeable one all round. I wish from my heart Aldridge, and Lord, and Platt, and Lexow, and Lyman were a different kind of people, but they are what they are."

Now, the foregoing is an exact description of what has happened since Gov. Morton was elected, except what relates to his approval of the Greater New York bill. We ask, in all fairness, whether he could possibly have received the majority he did receive, had this public the remotest idea that things would run as they have run. We commend it to his careful consideration as a man of honor. Tens of thousands of voters feel that they have thus far made a great mistake with regard to his independence, both political and personal. It is for him to set himself right with the people who have trusted and exalted him.

THE UNFORTUNATE PRESS.

THE fate which has overtaken the New York *Times* will cause genuine regret among those who know anything of its history. It has played a very prominent and creditable part in both the politics and the journalism of New York. It made its way into profit and distinction over forty years ago, through the talent and industry of its founder, Henry J. Raymond, although its rival, the *Tribune*, not only was animated by Horace Greeley's passionate earnestness, but had a staff made up of such men as George William Curtis, Bayard Taylor, William H. Fry, and George Ripley. Until the war, and, indeed, one may say, until Raymond's death in 1869, it was a sober, dignified newspaper, that supplied conservative Republicans with the calm and moderation which the fiercer convictions of the *Tribune* made impossible. That such a journal was desired and, in proper hands, was profitable, was shown by the great success of the enterprise. Two fortunes, indeed three, were made out of it. Raymond made one, George Jones, the late publisher, made another, and, we believe, Mr. Gilbert Jones, his son, made another by his final sale of it for a large sum—a transaction which has raised him to a very high degree of financial fame and eminence.

Its want of later success, which we hope is only temporary, is another illustration of the misfortune, from the moral point of view, which seems to wait on New York journalism. The foundation of such papers as the *Herald*, *Tribune*, and *Times* by the labor and ability of one man is no longer possible. Each of these papers had its origin in little else than an energetic editor behind a small printing-press, and worked its way into success and influence by slow degrees. To-day the competition is so keen and the expenses of a newspaper so great that it has to be begun, as a factory or railroad is begun, by an investment of a million or two, besides having the right kind of editor and publisher. After all, of the two kinds of success a newspaper may achieve—the financial and the moral—one only is, as a rule, possible. It may fill the pockets of the proprietors and yet be a curse to their generation, or it may be full of the best sentiments and too dull to make any money. There is no property in the world harder to manage, and yet it has great fascination for many rich men, who lose in it with remarkable fortitude. To own even a failing paper is to some a perpetual joy.

It is this difficulty of management which probably accounts for the fact that while, during the last quarter of a century, we presume we may say millions have been flung into the maelstrom of New York journalism, hardly any attempt has been made to improve its quality as a whole. The American press continues to be the most famous in the world for its badness in all points but the gathering of news, in which it is preëminent. But when it is

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considered as the chief literature of a great people, and the chief moulder of opinion, and the chief diffuser of intelligence, it is the most extraordinary phenomenon of the modern world. Nothing, or next to nothing, is done to mend it. Each new venture is on the same lines as the last, or is generally a little worse. Many millions are given every year to colleges and schools by patriotic and philanthropic men, but no attempt is made by this class to improve the press, which has a hundred times as much influence on the character and mind of the people as all the colleges and schools put together. They have for it an unconcealed contempt. They know it is vulgarizing and debauching their children, and they are ready to invest in it for pecuniary profit on the old plan, but they are not willing to make it better. There is no doubt that the French press is more venal, but it is written with far more education, in better style, with more knowledge of the world. Most of our journals seem to be composed for the class of slender instruction and childish minds known as domestic servants, and in any other civilized country would probably never get above the basement story. But many of our educated men even enjoy and admire the most scurrilous and mendacious of them all.

The note of the press to-day which most needs changing is childishness. Even if the papers are clean and decent, they are fit only for the nursery. The pictures are childish; the intelligence is mainly for boys and girls. The "good stories" are trivial, and are intended chiefly for junior clerks and laborers. The observations on public as distinguished from purely party affairs, are quite juvenile. The abuse is mostly boyish or street abuse, with neither rhyme nor reason in it. What is wanted in the way of reform is mainly maturity, the preparation of the paper for grown people engaged in serious occupations. Gravity either in discussing or in managing our affairs is fast vanishing under the journalistic influence. We laugh over everything, make fun of everybody, and think it will "all come out right in the end," just like ill-bred children who hate to have their games interrupted. It seems as if something might be done by American capitalists to elevate the most potent means of cultivation we have, which is to-day exerting most influence on the national mind and character. We believe we have yet to see, though we are very near seeing, the full effect on the coming generation of the present cheap newspaper press.

An illustration of what we have called the misfortune which waits on the New York press, has just been furnished by the *Journal*. After leading for years a disreputable and mischievous existence, this paper was recently bought by a California millionaire, who has proceeded to spend money on it lavishly. We were in hopes that his millions would go to raise its quality and make it a rational and hopeful addition to the New York newspapers. Apparently nothing was further from his thoughts. He went to work at once to make a newspaper of the old bad stamp, and to rival the worst of the others in their worst tricks—wilder sensations, sillier inventions, more "good stories," more dreadful "reportorial humor," more space for scandals, divorces, invasions of private life, more childish pictures, still stupider remarks on public affairs, than any of its contemporaries. In publishing a long report of a not remarkable divorce case, for instance, it did nothing that its contemporaries do not do; but in printing a large cartoon of a duel which it was thought would precede the divorce case, but which never came off, it outdid them all. Not only does it flood the streets with this wretched mess, but it actually succeeds in getting commendation for it from the best quarters. That it should get a rousing testimonial from Tom Platt for publication in the railway stations is nothing wonderful, but that it gets just as rousing ones from men like Dr. Parkhurst, as it has done, is extraordinary. That a man of his standing should help in emptying buckets of imbecility and mendacity on the heads of his fellow-citizens for another man's profit is something really odd, to say the least.

It is, however, part and parcel of that absence of any sense of responsibility for the press of the country which is one of its curses. If any man chooses to print a blackguard newspaper and does not actually recommend theft or fornication in the editorial columns, it is supposed to be his affair exclusively, and but few of us refuse to buy the paper so as to help his venture. That readers are in any sense *participes criminis* seems to enter no one's head. This immense source of popular instruction is left, without a thought by preachers and philanthropists and patriots, to a swarm of young men, most of whom have failed in life, who make "copy" simply as a means of livelihood, and who must themselves be occasionally astounded by the sort of things they are paid for. There are already some signs of the growth of a moral sense on this subject. In parts of the West, leagues or clubs are said to have been formed to eschew the reading of newspapers—that is, to prevent greedy speculators from making private houses the receptacles each morning of their filth and imbecility; but any progress in that direction is necessarily slow. What is needed is a disposition on the part of rich men to lavish their wealth, without hope of return, on the leading instrument of popular education. It would be, in a far higher sense than the old Roman's, "sowing for the immortal gods."

COSMIAN HYMNS.

EVERYBODY remembers Dr. Holmes's "Ode for a Social Meeting, with Slight Alterations by a Teetotaler." Having mistaken the nature of the occasion, his ode had to have its Bacchanalian and festive bursts given a severe turn—his "nectar" being made to read "logwood," "rubies" appearing as "dye-stuff," "the breath of the fragrance they shed" figuring as "the taste of the sugar of lead," and his final lilt of song, "Long live the gay servant that laughs for us all!" being transmogrified into, "Down, down with the tyrant that masters us all!" In like manner it might be said of a volume of hymns recently published, that it is a book of 'Hymns of Divine Praise, with Slight Alterations by Atheists, Agnostics, and Materialists.'

The work in question is the 'Cosmian Hymn-Book,' lately issued by the Truth Seeker Co. In the very title is a hint that this is no chaotic or even microcosmic affair. Let others sing of earth, or heaven, or hell, or even the solar universe; no such limitations shall fetter the Cosmian hymnist. His hymn-book, he announces, has "been prepared to meet a public want." This we could have believed; most books are, or think they are, so prepared. But he adds, with more originality, that "it is perfectly free from all sectarianism." This boast an examination of the book will show to be fully justified. It is free not only from sectarianism, but from everything that could possibly offend the most conscientiously irreligious.

Wherever the word God occurs, in any of the familiar hymns made over for this volume, some turn or substitute is delicately chosen so as not to grate in the old way upon a sensitive Cosmian ear. Thus those who were taught to sing (and perhaps refused to sing longer because so crudely taught), "God is with all who serve the right," may here find with joy that "Peace is with all who serve the right." Similarly, the outgrown old hymn, "Praise to Thee, Thou great Creator," becomes, when submitted to Prof. Huxley's cosmic process, "Praise to thee, all bounteous Nature." This is a very skilful way of avoiding offence to tenderly nurtured Cosmians, and is quite superior, in our judgment, to the device once favored by John Morley of spelling God with a small "g." But the careful editing of this hymn-book extends, we are glad to say, to the smallest details. "Sin" is, of course, excluded utterly; in place of that obsolete word we have "ill." Equally, of course, there is no recognition of the "soul"—an unpleasant word, suggestive of the possibility of being "lost," or even (what would be still more dreadful from a Cosmian point of view) "saved." Accordingly, instead of singing "Awake, my soul!" we are hereafter to call upon the "mind" or "heart" to awake. Similarly, "holy" becomes "noble"—though why the editor left "unholy" in the same hymn we cannot say. But it is his own lyric advice to "Gather your roses while you may," and we hasten on.

We can note, however, but a few of the

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many pleasing details. All local indications, such as "below," "above," are properly removed from the indiscreet hymns which by such expressions fostered a superstitious and non-cosmic notion about a possible heaven and a too probable hell. The "hope of future joy" has a suspicious theological squint, and becomes "hope of future days," in which the most carefully brought-up Cosmian may venture to indulge. But it is in the new objects of ecstatic devotion, the new sanctities which the Cosmian darkens with his song, that the peculiar eminence of the 'Cosmian Hymn-Book' most clearly appears. We know the ideas, the longings, the hopes and fears, the religious conceptions which have moved Christian hymnology to its grandest outbursts; but the Cosmian strikes out an entirely new flight, quiring to the young-eyed cherubins after this fashion:

> "Eternal matter! Quenchless force!
> No hand can stay thy circuit's course,
> But deep in the abyss of space
> The systems run their destined race."

Or take this song of comfort for the afflicted:

> "All—all result from Nature's laws,
> Unchanging all are in their course;
> And man, and all things, must submit
> To Nature's far superior force."

These sentiments may be entirely true. They have been held, in one shape or another, ever since human thought was first recorded, but there is no record, we believe, of their ever having before moved men to bursts of glad song, except in burlesque. There was an extravaganza put afloat some years ago which was supposed to give poetic and devotional expression to the materialistic creed. It was first used, we believe, apropos of Buckle, and the first lines ran as follows:

> "I believe in steam and rice,
> Not in virtue or in vice;
> I believe in all the gases
> As the power to raise the masses."

The Cosmian hymn-writer appears to have taken this caricature as a serious model. About his own seriousness there can be no doubt. One of his hymns, it is true, has a word of condemnation for "cold breeding" that "affects to be quite at its ease," but he is always collected and altogether at his ease in the presence of eternal matter, quenchless force, and the laws of nature. He is, in fact, a powerful, if unconscious, witness to the indestructible nature of the religious instincts. If a blank creed like his must have its worship, its grotesque imitations of Christian forms, the world is evidently far from having entirely got through with religion. Even the revolutionary anarchists have a form of worship, consisting, as one of them testified before a London magistrate, in going out into the country on Sunday, sitting under a tree, and saying fervently, "Hang the priests!" The Cosmian hymn-book would fit well into that service.

CIVIL-SERVICE PRINCIPLES IN THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 1, 1896.

IT has been well known for many years that political influence has been of little or no avail in obtaining positions *in* the Department of State at Washington, whatever may be said of the means whereby offices *under* that department have been secured. It has been the department's custom, for more than twenty years, to note in its Registers the public service of its officers and employees. These revelations, when carefully examined, are most gratifying to those who believe in the selection of capable men to fill executive offices, and their retention notwithstanding changes of administration.

The more important officers of the department, subordinate to the Secretary, are the Assistant Secretaries (of whom there are now three), a Chief Clerk, and six Bureau Chiefs. Many of these have been selected in the past because of their special training, and have held their offices for a long period. The office of Assistant Secretary was created in 1853. Mr. Frederick W. Seward, son of Secretary Seward, held it from 1861 to 1869, and from March, 1877, to October, 1879. He was succeeded in 1869 by Mr. J. C. Bancroft Davis, at present and for a number of years past the reporter of the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Davis had been Secretary of the United States Legation at London from June 7, 1849, to November 30, 1852, and he was three times Assistant Secretary of State—from March, 1869, to November, 1871; from January, 1873, to June, 1874; and from December, 1881, to July, 1882.

Another occupant of this post, after having acquired diplomatic experience, was Mr. John Hay, the author. He was our Secretary of Legation at Paris from March, 1865, to 1867, when he was transferred to a similar post at Vienna, which he held until September 30, 1868. Besides this service he had experience as our Secretary of Legation at Madrid from June 18, 1869, to October 1, 1870, before he was appointed Assistant Secretary of State November 1, 1879. He held the last-mentioned office until May, 1881.

The present chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House of Representatives, Mr. Robert R. Hitt of Illinois, was Mr. Hay's successor. He also had had a special training for the post, having served as our Secretary of Legation at Paris for six years continuously prior to his entrance upon duty at the Department of State. He was Assistant Secretary for less than a year.

Mr. John Davis, now one of the Judges of the United States Court of Claims, was particularly well qualified to discharge the duties of Assistant Secretary when he received his appointment in July, 1882. He had been a clerk in the Department of State from September, 1870, to October, 1872; secretary to the agent of this Government before the Geneva Tribunal which decided our claims against Great Britain growing out of the civil war, and in 1874 was appointed clerk of the Court of Commissioners of *Alabama* Claims which sat at Washington and awarded the fifteen and a half million dollars paid by Great Britain. In 1881 he was assistant counsel representing our Government before the French and American Claims Commission. He continued Assistant Secretary of State until his elevation to the bench in February, 1885.

The present occupant of the place, Mr. W. W. Rockhill, has served not only as Chief Clerk and as Third Assistant Secretary during the whole of this Administration, but from April, 1884, to July, 1888, he was our Secretary of Legation at Peking and our Chargé d'Affaires *ad interim* at Seoul.

The post of Second Assistant Secretary was not established until 1866—thirty years ago; and in all that time it has had but two occupants. The first—William Hunter of Rhode Island—entered the department as a clerk in 1829, rose to be Chief Clerk in 1852, and continued in that position until he was appointed Second Assistant in 1866. While Chief Clerk he acted on one occasion, from May to October, as Assistant Secretary. Mr. Hunter died in office, full of years and of honors, and was succeeded in 1886 by Mr. A. A. Adee, the present incumbent, who has himself been in the service of the department for twenty-six years. He was our Secretary of Legation at Madrid from 1870 to 1877, when he was transferred to the department. Here he was, for a year, clerk of Class One, then Chief of the Diplomatic Bureau until 1882, when he was appointed Third Assistant Secretary, which place he held until promoted to that made vacant by Mr. Hunter's death.

In 1875 Congress provided for another Assistant Secretary in the Department of State, which has since had nine incumbents. Of these, in addition to Mr. Adee and Mr. Rockhill, three had previous training in the department or in the diplomatic service. Mr. Charles Payson of Massachusetts, who held the position from June, 1878, to June, 1881, entered the department as a clerk in 1870, and rose to be Chief of the Diplomatic Bureau in 1873. From July, 1874, to April, 1876, he was Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, and again Chief of the Diplomatic Bureau until June, 1878. Mr. John B. Moore of Delaware, who filled this position from August, 1886, until September, 1891, when he became Professor of International Law in Columbia College, had earned a clerkship in the department by means of a competitive examination under the civil-service act on July 1, 1885, and held it until his promotion. Mr. Edward H. Strobel, who was for one year, during the present Administration, Third Assistant Secretary of State, and who has, since April, 1894, represented this Government as Minister, first to Ecuador and afterwards to Chile (where he now is), had been our Secretary of Legation at Madrid from June, 1885, to June, 1889.

The office of Chief Clerk of the Department of State is one of considerable antiquity. It was created by the act of 1789, which established the Department itself. Not a few of the Chief Clerks have been promoted from clerkships of a lower grade. Mr. Dayton had been a clerk in the department for four years prior to his appointment as Chief Clerk. Mr. Vail had served in the same way eleven years. Mr. Derrick had had sixteen years' experience, and, when superseded by Mr. Crallé, he was given a sixteen-hundred-dollar clerkship, which he held until again elevated to his former position in 1849. Mr. Trist was Consul at Havana from 1823 to 1828, then a clerk in the Department of State for more than five years, and again Consul at Havana for eleven years before he was appointed Chief Clerk. Mr. Chew served the State Department as a clerk in each grade from 1834 to 1855, when he was temporarily Chief Clerk, and again as a clerk of the highest grade for eleven years, when he was asked to become the successor of Mr. Hunter, for whom a higher position had been provided. His successor, Mr. Sevellon A. Brown, had entered the department as a clerk in 1866 and had gone from grade to grade. Mr. Chil-

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ton, now Chief of the Consular Bureau, who, during Mr. John W. Foster's brief administration, was Chief Clerk, had had twelve years' experience as a clerk in the Department.

Of the twenty-two persons who have held this place, two have died in office, one has resigned to accept a position outside of the Government service, and thirteen have been appointed to other Federal offices. John Graham of Virginia, Chief Clerk from 1807 to 1817, was appointed in the latter year one of our Commissioners to Buenos Ayres. Daniel Brent of Virginia, his successor, continued to act as Chief Clerk until his appointment as Consul at Paris in 1833. Asbury Dickins of North Carolina, who came after Brent, resigned the chief clerkship in 1836 to become Secretary of the United States Senate. Aaron Ogden Dayton of New Jersey then held the place for one year, when he was appointed Fourth Auditor of the Treasury. Aaron Vail of New York, his successor, also remained but a year, when he was appointed our Chargé d'Affaires to Spain. Daniel Fletcher Webster of Massachusetts was Chief Clerk from March, 1841, to April, 1843, when he was sent on a special commission to China, where he served until the latter part of 1844. Nicholas P. Trist of Virginia, who was Chief Clerk from August, 1845, to April, 1847, was appointed Commissioner to Mexico, and his successor, John Appleton of Maine, was, after a few months, made Chargé d'Affaires to Bolivia.

The bureau officers have seldom or never been changed for political reasons. Whenever a vacancy has occurred, it has been filled either by the promotion of a clerk from the same or some other department, or in a few instances by the selection of a man of ascertained fitness whose occupation had specially qualified him to discharge the duties of the office. Exclusive of the Secretary, there are borne on the Register of the Department of State seventy-eight officers, clerks, and employees. Of these, fifty (or 64 per cent. of the whole number) have served the Government more than ten years. To be exact, one has served more than fifty years, another more than forty, and still another more than thirty. Seven have been in the service more than twenty-five years, ten more than twenty years, sixteen more than fifteen years, and fourteen more than ten years.

SOCIAL REGENERATION IN ITALY.

ITALY, April 6, 1896.

THE King has just signed the decree, countersigned by the Ministers of the Interior, of Finance, of Public Works, of Public Instruction, and of Agriculture, Industry, and Commerce, nominating for the period of one year a civil commissary to exercise political and administrative functions in all the provinces of Sicily, subject to the Minister of the Interior. The commissary is invested with all the authority of the ministers enumerated above; he is responsible for public security, for the provincial and communal administration, and for the public works; is to readjust local taxation and primary instruction, to survey mines and forests—and this without interfering with the state budget. He may suspend functionaries dependent on the various ministries, giving eight days' notice to the respective ministers. The prefects of the seven provinces, though they cannot be suspended or dismissed, are to correspond with the royal commissary instead of with the Minister of the Interior. He can order inspections of all administrative and political offices; revision of all the provincial and communal budgets, so as to proportion their expenses to the contributive force of each. Among the many provisions there is one specially just: No beasts of burden (meaning mules and donkeys) can be taxed in a commune where cattle are untaxed, and the one animal of the poorest is in any case to be spared. The budgets of charitable institutions and of the Chamber of Commerce are to be revised, and a project for the unification of the communal and provincial debts to be prepared within six months with a view to prolonging the term for repayment, and so lessening the amount of interest, with a reduction of the local taxes.

This decree, together with bills for the abolition of the tax on the exportation of sulphur, for bonded warehouses, etc., will be presented to Parliament for the special benefit of miners, so let us hope that there will be a bill for the abolition of the infamous truck system. In their report to the King, the ministers enumerate the reasons that render such steps necessary: because the act of amnesty would be null and void without remedial measures; because a delegation of the powers of the several ministers to one representative will facilitate the passage of the measures tending to bring the administrators into contact with the populations, render possible the maintenance of public security, moderate the expenses of the provinces and the communes, and lessen the burdens of the contributors. Other provisions regard the railroads in Sicily and the ferry-boats which are to unite the island with the continent. The proposal is feasible as far as it goes. The abolition of the tax on the exportation of sulphur is an act of justice, as the export tax on silk in Lombardy was abolished two years since; but great care will be needed to insure the benefit to the actual miners—the excavators and the transporters of the ore to the surface—and not to the owners and farmers of the mines. Should the royal commissary be able to reconstruct the municipal and provincial budgets and adjust the incidence of taxation equitably, the experiment will have been worth making.

There is, however, one great omission which will assuredly deprive the royal commissary of the support of the Socialists who are sufficiently reasonable to accept half a loaf when a whole one is not forthcoming. There is no allusion to a reform of the land laws, and without such a reform no real pacification of Sicily can be expected. An absolute necessity is the reform of all contracts between the owners and tillers of the soil; the abolition, if not of the *latifondi*, at least of the *gabellotti* (the middlemen), who, after paying an enormous rent to the absentee landlord, underlet the estate in large or small farms, which are again subdivided by the tenants—once, twice, and thrice—so that the real tillers of the soil are reduced to work all the workable days of the year, and then to find, when the crops are gathered in, that their portion is absorbed by debt, usury, and the hundred and one pretexts, priest-paying, guardian-feeding, etc., etc., which the various tenants have invented for their destruction. In a letter to the *Nation* last year I gave a résumé of the bill presented to the House by Signor Crispi for the amelioration of the *latifondi*. Some of its provisions were excellent, but the opposition offered was so universal that it was at once withdrawn, with a pledge that it should be presented anew with modifications and ameliorations. Since then nothing more has been heard of it, and the Marquis di Rudini, who is one of the great landed proprietors of Sicily, in an exhaustive article in the *Giornale degli Economisti* for February, 1895, demonstrated, to the satisfaction at least of landlords, that the uncultivated lands of Sicily are incapable of culture, and that those vast expanses devoted to wheat are unsusceptible of producing other crops. What attracted the champions of the tillers of the soil in the bill referred to, was the proposal to divide all estates of more than 100 hectares, to let the portions at fixed rents, or on the system of *emphyteusis* of the Roman law, while a special and heavy tax was to be levied on all uncultivated lands to constrain the owners to cultivate them, or to let them on such terms as would induce peasants to till them. Rudini affirms that every effort has been made, by owners or middlemen, to bring waste lands under cultivation; that he himself has converted unhealthy marshes into vineyards, olive and almond plantations; has broken up *latifondi* and let portions out on long leases. All went well till the phylloxera destroyed the vineyards; then the tenants threw up their leases, and the proprietors had to replant American vines and sustain the loss of rent and crops. What, he asks, could compulsory legislation do in this case?

The great impulse given to Sicilian culture was the extraordinary demand for the hardly fermented juice of the grape (must) when the phylloxera had devastated the French vineyards, along with the large exportation to the United States of oranges, lemons, and limes before California and other States had brought their vast plantations to their present point. Sicily really lost a capital trade with England for wines and fruits by the carelessness of her manufacture, and, in the case of fresh fruit, by her fecklessness in selecting and packing it. Great Britain now receives such vast supplies from the Channel Islands and from Australia of fresh fruits and early vegetables that it will be difficult for Sicily to recapture the market which might have been her own. Grain and wine have fallen 50 per cent. in value during the past few years, and last year oranges, lemons, and limes were left hanging on the trees for want of purchasers. All these things have to be taken into account by the legislators and champions of the peasant class, for, even were the lands of the state and what remains of the ecclesiastical property to be distributed gratis among the peasants, beyond the produce necessary for home consumption without markets the surplus would be produced at a loss. The peasant cuts short all such reasoning by saying: "Give me enough land to till for the use of my family, enough to produce all the corn, broad beans, and vegetables which we must consume or starve, and we will be thankful and contented, and take any extra work that may fall in our way at such stipend as may be doled out to us. What we complain of is that we work in season and out of season only to see our mule or donkey sequestered, and be turned out of our huts as the winter season comes on. If we have a bit of land, we can't pay the land tax, and the *fisco* takes the land from us, compelling us to join the army of day laborers; and, what with compulsory festas besides Sundays and bad weather, we rarely if ever work more than 200 days in the year, whereas we need to eat 365 days."

The Socialists in 1893 confined their practical attempts to getting better contracts for the so-called *métayers* and day laborers; these were abolished as soon as the leaders were sent to durance vile. Now the agitation recommences, as also the demand for the expropriation of the *latifondi* for "public utility." But where are the funds to come from? The state coffers are

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empty; the 140 millions for Africa, if advanced by the National Bank, must be repaid and with interest; there does not remain a single available article capable of taxation, nor can existing taxes on a broad basis be augmented. A progressive income tax, a progressive land tax (the small incomes and small farms excepted), would be a remedy, but where is the House of Deputies that would vote such revolutionary measures? Still, were even existing laws properly applied, some help would be forthcoming. We have proved over and over again that the charitable institutions, properly administered, would suffice to house, feed, and maintain all the old people who cannot work, and all the young children and orphans for whom no one is now responsible and who must steal or starve. There are sufficient institutions for educating them to honest trades and for putting them out in life, but one half of the funds go in administration when they are not spent for electioneering purposes, as was a large portion of the sums subscribed for the victims of the earthquakes in Calabria. Should the royal commissioner succeed in restoring order and honesty in the administration of the charitable institutions of Sicily, he will have provided a fund for the assistance of the populations willing to work and unable to find employers and employment; but we fear that the organized resistance of associated interests will prove too powerful in the future as in the past; and in the event of fresh delusions, the starving populations will assuredly have recourse to fresh revolutions.

If I devote more attention to Sicily than to other parts of Italy, it is not because the largest island of the Mediterranean has the monopoly of misery, but because those islanders do not choose to suffer in silence, and therefore force their grievances and their demands for redress on the public. The island of Sardinia is, if possible, in a worse plight than Sicily; and, without waiting for the results of the late inquiry, we have a whole library of Sardinian literature to prove the wasteful, senseless administration of past and present times. Brigandage, homicide, vendettas, are the order of the day. In Sardinia there have been no general or organized revolutions; the Socialists there have not found fertile ground for sowing their doctrines. The Sardinians offered an asylum to the house of Savoy when the first Napoleon annexed all their other provinces, even as did Sicily to the Bourbons. Yet for that fertile, loyal island nothing has been done. I visited it and spent a month there with Garibaldi in 1856, and was astonished to see the wild wastes of uncultivated yet so fertile soil, the gigantic orange groves and olive forests, the groves of pepper trees—"ogni ben di Dio," as the inhabitants used to say. "This will be a garden when Italy is united, free and one," Garibaldi said; and when he bought his barren rock at Caprera, he made frequent excursions to the larger island, always hoping against hope that "something would be done for it." Alas! Sicily, with a surface of 29,441 square kilometres, has a population of 2,700,000 souls. Sardinia, with a surface of 24,342 kilometres, has but 630,000 inhabitants. It is a desert. There are railroads; but, said a traveller just returned, you travel through waste lands—no houses, trees, or inhabitants. Malaria prevails. The denizens know only the tax-gatherer and the military officer who summons the conscripts to the annual levy. There, as in Sicily, the *latifondi* prevail; small proprietors have disappeared; the lands let for pasturage or for the cultivation of wheat do not yield a bare sustenance to the peasants. Tourists exclaim: "Why, not even round London and Paris and Naples have we seen such splendid fruit orchards and vegetable gardens, to say nothing of the olive, lemon, and orange groves!" This is true for the three cities; but a few miles from these you find nothing but thistles, asphodel, and lentils—the white, sad cistus the only flowering bush. The land is fertile, the hands are sufficient, for the Sardinians do not emigrate unless forced to do so, but capital is wanting. Private individuals or industrial companies do not care to invest in an island where the *fisco* takes not the first-fruits but the seed and flower which might produce them. *Maggese* (the leaving the land to repose one year in two or three, as a substitution for manure) prevails in Sardinia, as in Sicily. The Sardinians, fatalists by nature, are now so by experience. "Nothing is done, therefore nothing can be done." As for public security, the brigands secure themselves. Rarely, if ever, is a crime informed against. Do they not pay taxes to the Government to govern the island? Why should the inhabitants expose themselves to the revenge of the powerful? The Sardinians are more "resigned" than the Sicilians; but there is an end even to resignation, and it may be that the end is near at hand.

As I end this doleful letter comes the announcement that Senator Codronchi is nominated by royal decree the new royal commissary for Sicily, and also Secretary of State without portfolio. Codronchi is a moderate of pure water; has been Prefect of Milan, of Naples, and of other provinces. As Secretary of State, he will be able to expound his theories and justify his actions in the council of ministers; as Senator he can answer questions among his peers. If our hopes and beliefs were equal to our ardent desires for his success, we might end our letter with a brighter close; but we are not convinced, as we were almost a fortnight since, that the darkest hour which precedes the dawn is yet at hand. Africa looms yet too darkly on the horizon. J. W. M.

Correspondence.

NAKED BED ONCE MORE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Illustrations of this phrase may be seen in that rare and valuable book, Wright's 'History of Domestic Manners and Sentiments in England during the Middle Ages.' At p. 257, in speaking of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, he says, "One custom continued to prevail during the whole of this period—that of sleeping in bed entirely naked." In the fifteenth century it "continued in all classes and ranks of society" (*ib.*, 411). At p. 477 one of the cuts indicates the same practice in the period following the Reformation.

In the Countess of Essex's case (2 How. St. Trials 785), in 1613, one may see the phrase "naked bed," and specific illustrations of what it meant. T.

Cambridge, May 2, 1896.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In further allusion to the phrase "naked bed," which was again touched upon in the last issue of the *Nation*, it may be of interest to note that Mr. Pepys, under date of May 21, 1660, says, "so to my naked bed." The editor, Mr. Wheatley, in a note, refers to the custom of our English ancestors sleeping without clothes, and quotes from "Venus and Adonis":

> "Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
> Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white."

Mr. Richard Grant White, in a note to the line in *Macbeth* (Act II., Sc. 1), "Get on your night-gown," also refers to the ancient custom, but adds that Shakspere knew nothing of this, and that by all such allusions in his plays ("Julius Cæsar," Act II., Sc. 2; the *old* "Hamlet," Act III., Sc. 4, "enter Ghost in his night-gown") a bed-room dress (*robe de-chambre*), and not a night-dress, is intended. Mr. White seems to be mistaken in the assumption that Shakspere knew nothing of the custom, since, even if Mr. Pepys's remark is a mere survival of expression, the quotation noted above, and the later incident given by your correspondent last week, would show that the custom obtained in Shakspere's day. It would be interesting to know when the custom in this respect changed and under what influences.

Yours, Henry Leffmann.

Notes.

Maynard, Merrill & Co. have in press for immediate publication a 'History of the Army of the United States,' edited for the Military Service Institution by Gen. Theodore F. Rodenbough and Major William L. Haskin, U. S. A., with portraits of all the generals-in-chief of the army from 1789 to 1895.

Macmillan & Co. have undertaken to issue a 'Dictionary of Philosophy and Psychology,' under the editorial supervision of Prof. J. Mark Baldwin of Princeton University. Definitions will be combined with justificatory historical matter and with very full bibliographies. The contents will be wholly original and individually signed. The staff of the Dictionary embraces Profs. Andrew Seth, John Dewey, Josiah Royce, R. Adamson, W. R. Sorley, J. McK. Cattell, E. B. Titchener, Joseph Jastrow, and Lloyd Morgan, Dr. Benjamin Rand, and others.

Henry Holt & Co. will shortly publish a translation of 'La Musique et les Musiciens,' by Albert Lavignac, and W. Fraser Rae's biography of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Lemperly, Hilliard & Hopkins have just ready 'Little Rhymes for Little People,' by Anna M. Pratt of Cleveland—a limited edition; and 'Lincoln and his Cabinet,' by Charles A. Dana.

The Transatlantic Publishing Company will soon issue 'A Society Woman on Two Continents,' by Mrs. James Mackin; 'Memoirs of a Little Girl,' by Winifred Johnes; and 'Lo-To-Kah, the Ute,' by Verner Z. Reed.

'The Story of Cuba,' by Murat Halstead, is to be brought out by the Werner Co., Chicago.

The Chicago firm of Stone & Kimball, now become H. S. Stone & Co., promises a second series of 'Prose Fancies,' by Richard Le Gallienne.

Copeland & Day, Boston, have in hand a new translation, by M. S. Henry, of 'Aucassin et Nicolette'; the passages in verse being turned into English rhyme by E. W. Thompson. The form is freakishly small for so large type as that of the prospectus.

'Number and its Algebra,' by Arthur Lefevre of the University of Texas, is announced by D. C. Heath & Co.

Mr. S. M. Hamilton has chosen a timely subject, "The Monroe Doctrine: Its Origin and Intent," for his Part I. of 'The Hamilton Facsimiles of Manuscripts in the National Ar-

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chives relating to America' (*Public Opinion* Co.). Here we have, admirably reproduced by photographic processes, six letters of Monroe, Jefferson, Madison, and Rush, together with excerpts from Monroe's message embodying the so-called "doctrine." If, in glancing over the handsomely printed quarto, the reader recalls the definition to the effect that "a popular song is one that everybody has become tired of," neither editor nor publisher is to blame, as each has done his share in a distinctly praiseworthy manner. And if the less hackneyed material promised in succeeding parts but equal this first in execution, a series of real value to the student will have been well begun.

Something like the service which Dumont rendered to Bentham was that which Harriet Martineau performed for Comte when she translated freely, and condensed to one-fourth, his 'Positive Philosophy.' After nearly fifty years, Mr. Frederic Harrison is sponsor for a new edition, in three neat volumes of Bohn's Philosophical Library, of Miss Martineau's *tour de force* (London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan). He prefixes a brief notice of Comte, but, for the rest, leaves the text unannotated, not caring to point out its relatively insignificant shortcomings. He does, however, add five pages of concluding considerations, embracing Comte's programme of future philosophical labors ultimately carried out, which his translator omitted as not being strictly a part of the work in hand. It is well to remember that this abridgment not only had the hearty approval of Comte, but was honored with a translation back into the French—or the beginning of one.

Charles Scribner's Sons have begun a taking little series of "Stories by English Authors," parallel to that by American authors also bearing their imprint. One of the two initial volumes before us has England for the scene of the short tales; the other, Ireland. Reade, Hardy, Collins, Lover, Carleton, and Barlow are some of the contributory writers. The frontispieces are portraits of Samuel Lover and Anthony Hope.

We can appropriately record here the appearance of the second volume of the handsome Dent-Macmillan edition of William Carleton's 'Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry,' edited by D. J. O'Donoghue. Here we have Carleton's house in Dublin for a frontispiece, besides illustrative etchings.

The late George Augustus Sala is to be remembered by his culinary as well as by his literary writings, and hence a reissue of his 'Thorough Good Cook,' with its preliminary "chats" (Brentano's). It is a plump square volume of nearly 500 pages.

An awkward shape has been given to 'My Mascot: A Collection of Valuable Receipts' (Boston: Sabra Publishing Co.). The scheme is to introduce each section with a printed receipt, and leave the housewife to fill up the blank leaves with approved receipts, written in her own hand. A harmless "sentiment" heads each folio.

In 1870 the Legislature of Maine authorized W. W. Thomas, jr., one of its commissioners on the settlement of the public lands, previously United States Consul in Sweden, to plant in the northern part of the State a colony of young Swedish farmers, with their families and their pastor. The fifty-one persons who formed the first company were chosen with great care, only those being taken who were able, among other things, to pay their passage to America; but provision was made by the State for aiding the colony in various ways until it should become firmly established. The history of the enterprise is told with pardonable pride in 'The Story of New Sweden' (Portland: Loring, Short & Harmon), a report of the exercises at the quarter-centennial celebration in June, 1895. From the first the colony was remarkably successful, and the town of New Sweden is now the centre of a Swedish population of nearly fifteen hundred, with property of an estimated value of more than half a million dollars. The undertaking has a special interest as an example of successful colonization under State auspices.

'Father Archangel of Scotland, and Other Essays,' by G. and R. B. Cunninghame Graham (London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan), is unhappily named, giving no hint of the fresh free air of the Argentine pampas which blows through almost every page from title to finis. Even when the scene shifts to Spain or Morocco, the pampa, the wild horse, the untrammelled Gaucho, is not forgotten. In Coruña, by a grave surrounded by exotic plumes, the lover of the free life of the southern plains feels "that pampas grass looks sad in Europe, and hangs its head as if it missed wild horses bounding over it, and sickened for the calling of the Terutero." This strong, almost fraternal sympathy with the rude race which so long held sway over the La Plata plains, a race now passing rapidly away, constitutes the chief charm of the book. We see the Gaucho as in real life, swaggering and fighting at his *pulquería*, swinging at a bound into the saddle and galloping off, like a bird taking wing, magnifying achievements of horsemanship by the camp-fire while the smell of smoke and leather rises in our nostrils; we can feel the excitement of the ostrich hunt, and discern the faint but fatal tracks by which the *rastreador* leads across leagues of pampa to the rendezvous of the horse-thief. This is something more than depicting a strange life—it is making it real; and we can in consequence forgive many slips in the use of good English, and a host of trivialities and foolish sarcasms in the tales of "Father Archangel" and "In the Tarumensian Woods." These mar the book; but the lover of horses and horsemen and of the unrestraint of wild life will find in it many morsels of rare flavor.

From the Hudson Importing Co., No. 10 East Fourteenth Street, we have received three volumes entitled 'English Minstrelsie: A National Monument of English Song,' which will make a strong appeal to all who are interested in British folk-music. It is edited by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, who spent ten years in collecting new material for it, his intention being that it "should not confine itself to such songs as have been written for the harpischord and the piano, by skilled musicians, but should include also the lark and thrush and blackbird song of the ploughman, the thrasher, and the milkmaid." The result is a collection of about 300 songs unequalled in scope, variety, and interest in its own field. The volumes are prefaced by historical sketches of English national song and of English opera, and the editor has added notes to many of the songs, in the belief that a knowledge of the circumstances under which they were written will add to their interest. There are a number of quaint old pictures, besides excellent etchings of Sims Reeves, Edward Lloyd, Charles Santley, Mary Davies, Signor Foli, Antoinette Sterling, and others. The type is clear and large, and the text carefully edited, it "being unhappily true that some of the finest old English airs are found associated with undesirable words."

Dr. Th. Baker has compiled a very convenient 'Dictionary of Musical Terms' (G. Schirmer). It comprehends within 229 pages brief definitions of upward of 9,000 English, French, German, Italian, and other words and phrases used in the art and science of music. It does not purport to be an original work, but a compilation from the standard works of Grove, Riemann, and many others, general and special. Some of the articles, like Trill, are fully illustrated with musical examples, and the definitions, so far as we have examined them, are concise and accurate. Of omissions we have noted only *decrescendo*. On the other hand, the Japanese "Koto" introduces an element usually ignored in such works. Of recent musical inventions the Autoharp is mentioned; but why is the Æolian ignored—an instrument which brings orchestral music, performed with expression, into every home, and is destined to play a great rôle in spreading a taste for the best music?

As the great English Dialect Dictionary begins to go to press, the English Dialect Society puts forth three more glossaries, Nos. 74, 75, 76, in token of the vigor of the parent enterprise. Mr. Skeat edits nine specimens of dialects from various sources, expressly for the use of Prof. Wright, the Editor of the Dictionary, and has taken upon himself the labor of as many indexes. The ninth selection, a Yorkshire dialogue, he pronounces "the oldest good specimen of a modern English dialect that has come down to us." Incidentally he testifies to a change in Essex pronunciation in half a century, when the *a* in *skate* has acquired the sound of *i* in *kite*. On the other hand, a servant at the door receiving his name as Skeat, rhyming with *beet*, would always pityingly announce "Mr. Skate," rhyming with *great*. The Rev. F. M. T. Palgrave contributes a list of words and phrases in every-day use in Hetton-le-Hole, Durham, with the prefatory matter characteristic of this series, which ought somehow to be digested for a chapter of the Dictionary. In this village he notes that Atkinson is pronounced Atchison; and Turnbull, Trummel. "Halleluias" is the usual term for Salvation Army folk. From the mining country of Bewick we pass to Edward Fitz Gerald's East Anglia in Walter Rye's careful reëditing of Forby. In this volume a New Englander will feel much at home, but there is a deal of hazardous etymologizing by sundry amateurs.

For fifteen years and more there have appeared in *L'Illustration* numbers of *pensées*, signed G.-M. Valtour, which were read with interest because they united, with a form at once strong and concise, real thought and the fruits of observation. These have now been put together in book form by their author, Gustave Vapereau, under the title 'L'Homme et la Vie: Notes et Impressions' (Paris: Hachette). They are classified under five headings, and a pleasant and instructive occupation it is to dip into them, flavored as they are by real wit, by sound satire and sounder judgment. One or two samples, by way of proof: "We rule our life by maxims we should not like engraved on our tombstone." "One may judge of a man's character by his opinion of women." "The increasing taste for illustrated works marks the growth of indolence of mind: we are spared the trouble of reading." "For many men politics are a means of getting an income without putting in any capital, and of having a profession without serving an apprenticeship to it."

'Le Mécanisme de la Vie Moderne,' by the Vicomte G. d'Avenel (Paris: Colin & Cie.), is a study of industrial and commercial progress in France which is as fascinating as a good, clean,

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interesting novel, and, withal, full of much information obtained at first hand by the author. The subjects treated are the great dry-goods houses, notably the Bon Marché and the Louvre; the iron industry, especially as seen at the great Creusot works; the food supply, which is illustrated by a description of the Potin stores and factories; the banking establishments, and the wine business. Each study bristles with statistics, but M. d'Avenel is a writer who understands the art of being clear, and even the layman can follow intelligently the details so abundantly given.

'Les Chemins de fer aux États-Unis,' by Louis Paul-Dubois (Paris: Colin & Cie.), is a study of the railway systems in this country which conveys in a compact form much information concerning the great lines, their workings, financing, and traffic. It is not a mere piece of writing around the subject, but a serious attempt to present to Frenchmen a view of a system of railroading differing in nearly every respect from the European systems.

The description of a journey from Damascus to Bagdad, in *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for March, is interesting mainly from the evidence which it gives of the energetic and partially successful attempts of the Turkish Government to control the wild Beduin tribes whose constant raids prevent the development of the region lying between the Mediterranean and Mesopotamia. Not only are the caravan routes being protected by garrisoned posts and flying columns of mounted infantry, but the natives are being induced to give up their nomadic life and to become cultivators of the ground. In this the sons of influential sheikhs, who have been educated in the Government school ("aschiret mektebi") at Constantinople, have given efficient aid. Dr. Baumann's account of the extensive Arab sugar plantations on the Pagani River in German East Africa is encouraging for the future of this colony. According to the census taken on December 2, 1895, the population of the German Empire is 52,244,503, an increase of 5.7 per cent. since 1890. The growth was largest in Brandenburg and Westphalia, where it was 11 per cent. Taking Prussia as a whole, the increase was 6.3 per cent.; for Alsace-Lorraine it was 2.3 per cent. There has been a gain in every part of the empire excepting the little province of Hohenzollern, which has lost 1.5 per cent.

Prof. Flinders Petrie, in an account of the last season's excavations at Thebes, given in London on April 8, says that among the objects discovered was a large inscribed tablet of black syenite. It records the deliverance of Egypt from the Libyans during the reign of Merenptah, about 1200 B. C., and then recites the various places taken in this monarch's Syrian war; and among these (in Northern Palestine, apparently) he spoiled "the people of Israel." If this rendering of the name is correct (and it is accepted by Prof. Maspero and Dr. Naville), then the long-desired connection between Egypt and Israel through the monuments has been established. What light this discovery throws upon the time of the Exodus, held by some authorities to have taken place in this reign, remains to be seen.

The Southern History Association was organized at Washington on April 24 by the election of Postmaster-General Wilson as president; of Dr. J. L. M. Curry, Gen. M. C. Butler, Gen. M. J. Wright, John R. Proctor, Thomas N. Page, and Prof. Woodrow Wilson, as Vice-Presidents; of Dr. C. Meriwether as Secretary; and of Thomas M. Owen as Treasurer, besides a large and highly representative administrative council.

—A magazine does not often bring out an article more seriously to be recommended to the general reader than Benjamin H. Ridgely's "Comedies of a Consulate" in the May number of *Scribner's*. As the typical American tourist is sure to "take in" Geneva, there is no place that could have offered better opportunities for photographic shots at his ideas of what a consul is there to do for him. The essential comedy of the consulate begins, of course, in Washington, in the ousting of one man to make way for another no better, if as good; and Mr. Ridgely is as quick to see this and as frank in admitting it as could be wished. It would be a gratification to believe that his article will be as faithfully thumbed as Baedeker on every ship that leaves our docks this season. There is a sting of mortification in the documentary evidence he supplies of the behavior and the inane demands of compatriots who flock to his office or pelt him with letters; but the writer who can shame us into seeing ourselves as others see us abroad will do his country a handsome service. Another article which, if it is not literature, is at least journalism of a desirable sort, is Isobel Strong's "Vailima Table-Talk," to be concluded in June. It may be a trifle disappointing to find that actual undress utterances of Stevenson's are somewhat thinly strewn through a text descriptive of his domestic life, yet there are several sayings with an aphoristic ring that are among the things of his one would not willingly miss. An account of Women's Clubs in London, some very fair short stories, together with the first paper on the "Evolution of the Trotting Horse" and the inevitable verse, make up the rest of the contents of this magazine.

—Illustration and text from separate hands seldom hang together so well as do those of Du Maurier and Felix Moscheles in the latter's article, "In Bohemia with Du Maurier," in the *Century*. The common quality which fuses the two into one is the unaffected pleasure that has evidently gone to the making of each, although Du Maurier's pen-and-ink sketches were done in the fifties, and Moscheles's reminiscences were written at a date that gives them a long perspective of time. Where Du Maurier gathered a great deal of the material for his later fiction, and how he first began to discover his diversified talents, are the chief disclosures of interest in the recollections. Their charm consists in the picture they give of the young art-student's unconscious revelling in his own cleverness, and his overflowing delight in production, of which verse, sketch, and letters preserved here are the outcome. The beginning of Mr. Bryce's "Impressions of South Africa" is full of present and the promise of future interest, as he has applied to the country now looming into prominence the same powers of personal observation which made his visit here so fruitful. In this first paper the economic and political problems of South Africa are approached through a description of its physical features, in which a place is given to the picturesque qualities of the landscape, depending on "a warmth and richness of tone which fills and delights the eye," and on the charm of primeval solitude, silence, and dreary solemnity. It is encouraging to observe not only that Dr. Philip Coombs Knapp finds a negative answer to the general question, "Are Nervous Diseases Increasing?" but also that, contrary to popular assertion, he comes to the specific conclusion that, "without more evidence in its favor, we must regard the belief in the greater nervousness of Americans as an error."

—Dr. Birkbeck Hill has not lacked explicitness in stating, in the opening sentences of the current number of the *Atlantic*, that he is editing his group of Letters of D. G. Rossetti "for readers on the other side of the Atlantic." All that can be done, in the way of elucidating and supplementing, by two persons possessed of interesting information about other interesting people, both the editor himself and the poet's brother, W. M. Rossetti, have not failed to do for these letters, which were all written to another poet, William Allingham. But the charm which it might have been hoped would make Rossetti's prose independent of editorial attractions is, so far, not to be found, though it may still be discovered in instalments of the letters yet to come. In his pleasantly written "Trip to Kyoto," Lafcadio Hearn writes down himself and his much-loved Japanese as indisputably among the Wordsworthians. Between his praise of the universal cheapness of pleasure in Japan, where "the delight of the eyes is for everybody," and the spirit of "Stray Pleasures" or "To the Daisy," the difference is not more than skin deep. Any one to whom the tone of this article, or that of Olive Thorne Miller's "Whimsical Ways in Bird Land," is sympathetic, must also be in sympathy with the article on "The Preservation of Our Game and Fish," by Gaston Fay. The tragedy of our wildfowl is an old story, but always a moving one, and this is an effort worthy of all success to rally their friends, first among whom should be the true sportsman, to their rescue. Among their enemies, secret and open, are the politician, the game warden, the dealer, the breech-loading and magazine shot-gun, and now the cold-storage system. It is shameful to have to add to this list women, who are responsible for orders like a recent one from an English firm for the skins of 500,000 ox-eye snipe, the smallest of their species.

—A point of interest in *Harper's Magazine* will be found in the article containing a small budget of letters grouped under the head "England and America in 1863." These letters are addressed to Cyrus W. Field, whose two most conspicuous correspondents are Messrs. Bright and Gladstone. Fortunately there is nothing in the tone of either (each expressing deepest consideration for American interests) calculated to stir animosity in the most bellicose mind, unless, indeed, it can be imputed as a common crime to two eminent English statesmen, otherwise so dissimilar, that they had no prophetic vision of the results of our great crisis—time having, in fact, flatly contradicted Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Field's relation to the negotiations for the Atlantic cable receives brief comment from the anonymous editor of this correspondence. Another of Professor Woodrow Wilson's historical papers, "At Home in Virginia," though going over the oft-trod ground of the gathering of the Revolution, has the individuality and vividness of treatment which produce a fresh picture before the mind of the reader. Prof. Brander Matthews has not profited by the example of the Louvre and other national galleries which give the freedom of their walls to the works of no living artist. His essay on "The Penalty of Humor" opens so promisingly that one hopes to find in it a contribution to all one's future thought on the subject. But the winding up, where one looks confidently for the essayist's deft applications

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and final hitting the nail on the head, consists of an expression of ardent admiration for the works of Mark Twain. Coincidentally, a portrait of Mr. Clemens and an article "Mark Twain," by Joseph H. Twichell, lead off this number of the magazine.

—The article "Light on the Underground Railroad," in the April *American Historical Review*, has moved a Western correspondent to send us a leaf of his own experience. He says:

"In the winter of 1860–61, I was obliged to go from Chicago to Des Moines, in the heart of Iowa. Marengo was then the most western point I could reach by rail. The stage on which I there took passage at nightfall soon lost the track in the houseless, fenceless, and treeless prairie. We wandered till the horses were exhausted, and should have frozen had not the bark of a dog brought us at last to a hut. The next day we could get no farther than a farmhouse, 'out of sight of land,' midway between Brooklyn and Grinnell. Sheltered here and promised a lodging on the floor of the loft, we spent the evening in the common room of farmer Bates. There a gun, hanging high in old New England fashion on two wooden brackets, led me to speak of it. 'That gun,' said Bates, 'is John Brown's gun; he passed this way more than once, piloting negroes North—at one time about thirty—and on his last visit left the gun here.' Then, taking the gun down, he showed me how Brown had mended the stock and a piece of the lock which had been broken. The first remark of one of the stalwart boys was, 'That gun is going South next summer.' No doubt it, or at least the boy, did go, for the firing on Sumter followed within three months. The object-lesson afforded by fugitives with Brown as a guiding angel would not let the youth stay at home."

—A puzzle once solved loses all interest; but an enigma which may be plausibly explained in several ways, but demonstrably solved in none, has a perennial fascination. Who was the Man in the Iron Mask? Who was Kaspar Hauser? Was Louis XIV. really married to Mme. de Maintenon, after all? Was Swift married to Stella? Not that it matters greatly, in either case; but it would be a comfort could we substitute proofs for internal convictions, and so have them, once for all, settled and done with. With regard to Swift's case, the present annotator has long been convinced that there was no marriage. He has arrived at that conviction, not by a minute sifting and testing of each particle of so-called evidence, but by taking the sum of what was offered on one side, and contrasting it with all that tended to prove the contrary; the negative evidence seeming, to his mind, overwhelmingly preponderating. But, in the brochure (a reprint from the September *Anglia*) before us, entitled 'Was Swift Married to Stella?' Prof. A. von W. Leslie has carefully gone over the ground, and shown how weak the evidence is. Statements dubious at first, and handed down through a succession of transmitters, taking a twist from each; remarks dropped casually in conversation and brought forward seventy or ninety years afterwards—in fact, much of this evidence is little better than Lord Peter's proof of the nuncupatory will, who remembered that he "had heard a fellow say, when we were boys, that he had heard my father's man say," that the father had expressed himself favorably in the matter of gold lace. Whether this view of the case places Swift's character, as Prof. Leslie thinks it does, in a less lurid light, need not be discussed here. But we must strongly protest against the way he speaks of the innocent, trusting, and hapless Vanessa, whose cruel fate has left a stain on Swift's memory which all the oceans cannot wash away.

—It will be remembered that M. René Doumic, in his discourse at Angers on the present literary crisis, gave utterance to a somewhat hard prophetic saying, to the effect that France was likely soon to consist of "a handful of mandarins in the midst of an unlettered people." M. Doumic has since, in an article in the *Débats*, thrown a little light upon what he means when he talks of "the lettered" and "the barbarians." The distinction which he makes between the two seems to be very nearly that which Matthew Arnold made between the Remnant and the rest of mankind. M. Doumic notes the extreme satisfaction which the Socialists take in the classical and lettered oratory of M. Jaurès. They seem to delight in that which it is their real mission to destroy. That M. Jaurès himself is one of the lettered there is no doubt. He is one of the most complete products of bourgeois education. A clever pupil, laureate of the Concours de la Sorbonne, section chief at the Normal School, he uses against his old teachers the arms which they have furnished him. He cites Homer and is full of Cicero, and his followers applaud his erudition instead of distrusting him on account of it. In this, to be sure, one only finds repeated a characteristic phenomenon of the first Revolution. Eloquence then was strongly tinged with classical remembrances, and much of it was drawn directly from Livy and from the Roman orators. The people applauded all this literature, and yet were none the less "barbares." Perhaps the truth is that they were moved by the rhetoric of their political leaders. But it is precisely the unlettered man who is moved by rhetoric, and is the slave of the phrase; for phrases leave incredulous those who know what the phrase is. It is only because of their ignorance that men are the dupes of words. The last word of rhetoric is to inspire a horror of rhetoric. M. René Doumic seems to have in his mind, when he talks about mandarins, not a new class to be hereafter developed, but the old class of the truly wise and cultivated who, in every age, have been the salt which has kept the earth sweet, while his barbarians include that half-educated class which is often farther removed from the light of civilization than the wholly illiterate.

MARCOU'S AGASSIZ.

Life, Letters, and Works of Louis Agassiz. By Jules Marcou. With illustrations. Macmillan & Co. 1896. 2 vols., crown 8vo. I., pp. xii, 302, pll. 3; II., pp. x, 318, pll. 4.

About twenty formal biographies of Agassiz appeared from 1845 to 1893, with some thirty lesser notices of his life and works during the same period, besides uncounted articles compiled for cyclopædias or for newspapers. We have also many portraits, painted, engraved, or photographed, with busts, medals, and tablets. A list of Agassiz's own principal writings, or "works," 1828–73, is 418, or 425 with others published posthumously, 1874–80; and this is exclusive of countless fugitive pieces, printed correspondence, museum officialities, reported lectures, and the like, which we suppose would take a complete Agassiz bibliography beyond 1,000 entries. Here is certainly an embarrassing richness of material for any biographer, but it has been already so well worked up that a new Life of Agassiz must show its reason for being, and especially for offering to supplant Mrs. E. C. Agassiz's 'Life and Correspondence,' which has been very generally considered final since its appearance in 1885. Accordingly, Prof. Marcou's compliments to Mrs. Agassiz are necessarily apologetic in form and in fact explanatory, his persuasion having been that "the true history of Agassiz has not yet been written."

The veteran geologist is the sole survivor of the small band of European naturalists who came to America with Agassiz in 1846, the only one now living who enjoyed Agassiz's friendship for nearly thirty years, and one of the few men to whom Agassiz ever even half-unbosomed himself. He is distinctively one of the school of scientists to which Agassiz belonged, now generally considered old-fashioned, out of date, and hopelessly heretical in the dogma and ritual of present-day evolutionary science. Prof. Marcou has been many years in gathering if not also in shaping his materials, with the

"design of presenting to the public the man himself; his origin, his character, his public life, his private life, his passions, his weaknesses, his faults, his errors, his genius; what he did and what he left undone; above all, to put him in his place, in a true light, in correct perspective, with its lights and shadows, in the field of history of natural science. I have tried to speak of him uninfluenced by the discordant voices which have celebrated his merits without discretion, or demolished his reputation without measure."

His subject is a man of enormous achievement, of world-wide fame, and of unquestionable genius, whom, nevertheless, many persons honestly believe to have been "vastly overrated," and whom some discerning ones have considered inferior to Jeffries Wyman as a biologist, though the latter's name is scarcely known beyond scientific circles. A renowned and erudite student of nature, his most significant and far-seeing generalization—namely, that ontogeny of the individual epitomizes phylogeny of the race—has had little to do with his renown and been little considered in estimating his erudition. A professional ichthyologist, of vast acquirements in his specialty, his maturest generalizations regarding cycloid, ctenoid, ganoid, and placoid scales have come to be considered not less unsound and fanciful than Cuvier's notion of four types of all animals, or than Owen's archetype itself. A popular and sympathetic personality which won all hearts, his biographer represents him as uneasy in the presence of his peers, brooking no rival, and received in Paris and London with all the more cordiality because it was known that his stay would be short. The gifted teacher of a generation of men and women whom to know personally was an education in itself, his students ran the whole gamut between reverence and mutiny. A lavishly generous man, to whom business methods were unknown, who never counted the cost, he was often pinched for private means, yet had the address to secure vast sums of public money for scientific ends.

We sometimes hear of men who are said to be greater than their works. If there really be any such persons, Agassiz is among the number. His positive contributions to science extend over half a century—from the description of a new monkey in 1828, to a posthumous work on corals in 1880; they range through all branches of the biological sciences, and extend far into the department of physics, especially in the ice-age problems of geology. In so far as he had a zoölogical specialty, it was ichthyology, and in this his researches were extensively palæontological. The study of echinoderms, so successfully prosecuted by his distinguished son Alexander, long occupied him. He is also prominently identified with embryological research. His erudition was

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vast and varied; a tenacious memory kept most of it available at a moment's notice; a well-ordered mind enabled him to utilize most of it on any occasion; a stubborn insistence upon fact kept him from dreaming much, and his imagination seems to have been seldom if ever overwrought. The result of his life-work, such as it is, has passed into history; and what has been found to fit the progress of science has become ingrained in our common stock of permanent knowledge. Agassiz, in short, is "classic" in natural history. Yet we doubt if the net result of his published work approaches the measure of importance and usefulness of his personal example, or has anything like the influence he exerted while living—and still exerts, though dead. This is what we mean by saying he was greater than his works. In his career as a teacher and popularizer of science is to be read his truest title to fame. We recall no other name, excepting that of Huxley, which has become so nearly synonymous with "science," or, at any rate, with the idea which that word conveys to most persons. As, by a late witty saying, "for the English public, 'science' means an article by Professor Huxley in the *Nineteenth Century*," so meant a lecture by Agassiz for many years to the average American. Agassiz did more than make science respectable; he made it fashionable—socially fashionable. No man could be devised or imagined better at this business, in this country at least. Art conspired with nature to fit him for it; his personal appearance, his manner, his delivery, even his slight foreign accent, told with immense effect, and gave him an irresistible hold upon his hearers. He was fully conscious of this power, loved the footlights as dearly as any actor, and made the platform a stage for dramatic situations. We may never see his like again in this respect, but the results remain visible and palpable. Thousands have applauded Agassiz's public pronouncements, for one person who ever read his books to any considerable extent; hundreds have been kindled to enthusiasm for the pleasant paths of knowledge by the contagion of his personal example, for one whose knowledge has been increased by his publications; and scores of students who have become prominent in science in indirect consequence of his teachings, turn to his writings chiefly to criticise or refute them.

The public really knows very little of Agassiz's technical work—or anybody's else, for that matter. How many of his admirers have any but the vaguest ideas of his theories or observations on glaciation? How many could assign the respective parts taken by Agassiz and Edward Desor in the history of echinoderms? How many could quote a single fish's name from the 'Poissons Fossiles'? If we turn to one of his greatest and one of his very few commercially successful works, one also of special interest to Americans, who so love and honor Agassiz's name, the result is still the same. This is no other than the celebrated 'Contributions to the Natural History of the United States,' which started magnificently in April, 1858, but broke down after four volumes had appeared, in 1862, and was never resumed, though ten volumes had been planned. Agassiz was then at the zenith of his popularity; he had just passed his fiftieth birthday, May 27, 1857, to which Longfellow dedicated the poem which is far better known than Agassiz's own great work. Prof. Marcou states that, with the exception of the preliminary Essay on Classification, which achieved some popularity and had decided influence, on its separate republication in modified form, the number of persons who ever read the 'Contributions' may be "less than one hundred" in America and "only a few dozens" in Europe. Similarly, Part II. of the 'Principles of Zoölogy' was never published, and various other projected works, which appeared in part, were never pushed to completion. Almost the only popular and practically successful book Agassiz ever wrote was his 'Methods of Study in Natural History,' which appeared in 1863 after running for two years in the *Atlantic Monthly*, went through about twenty editions, and had enormous educational influence. This is probably the one work in which Agassiz the writer and Agassiz the speaker came in closest touch; and hence its effectiveness. The greatest practical boon Agassiz ever conferred upon working naturalists was his 'Nomenclator Zoölogicus,' with the accompanying Index—the veriest drudgery imaginable for an author, yet drudgery of a kind that no hack or mere compiler could have performed; and only those who have to keep it at their elbows can be sufficiently grateful for this instrument.

The work before us is decidedly the most comprehensive, most incisive, most original, and altogether ungracious contribution to our knowledge of Agassiz that has ever appeared. We question its entire wisdom and we suspect its disinterestedness. While it will delight some, it will pain others, and cause to grieve not a few of the judicious. It is particularly remarkable for raking up old personalities and forgotten scientific quarrels. Who remembers anything about Agassiz's affair with James D. Forbes until he is here reminded of it? And who cares now whether or not the breach was ever healed between the vivacious Franco-Swiss king of the ice-age and the obnoxious British Islander—"tall, thin, dry, haughty, and extremely egotistical"—concerning whom Marcou quotes with gusto from Töpffer: "Je défendé vos de paaler à moa, quand je disé rien à vos!" Who was Karl Schimper, that we should care whether or not "il n'a manqué à Schimper que d'être sobre," or now wish to peruse Agassiz's 'Erwiederung auf Dr. Karl Schimper's Angriffe'? On the other hand, the Desor matter was more serious, and, much as Marcou says about it that we wish to know, he leaves us in the lurch as to the real secret of the extraordinary relations between Agassiz and his long-time secretary. The first volume, dealing with Agassiz's early life in Europe, is remote enough from present interests, in both time and scene, to give us much accurate and original information not to be found elsewhere, and otherwise to pass unchallenged as the always delightful and seldom dangerous gossip of the great. The second volume, however, treating of the times when Agassiz was in the midst of us, is simply a heap of combustibles, which only require ventilation enough to flare up. Chapter xviii., for example, 1858-64, fans the embers of all the burning questions of thirty years ago, till we feel the heat and see them glow again. In recalling the *odium scientificum* to which the dissensions over Darwinism gave rise, our author is either mistaken or unjust. In Dr. Gray's case, which must be so familiar to most of our readers that we need not elaborate it, the note on p. 110 is probably erroneous in fact, and we do not think it quite right to say of Agassiz and Gray that "their friendship grew rapidly until completely checked by the publication of Darwin's 'Origin of Species,' in 1859" (i., p. 284). Certainly there was a coolness for a time while the great zoölogist and the great botanist were each endeavoring to readjust their preconceptions to the new order of things; but it was happily removed before long, and the two met cordially, if infrequently, as long as Agassiz lived. This is not the only case where we suspect there is a little private axe hidden in the large and shapely bundle of faggots of fact which Professor Marcou offers. Sometimes he seems to be settling old scores of his own, with Agassiz for a stalking-horse. Thus, for a piece of present-day practical politics, or eminently practicable polemics, commend us to what he says of the origin, progress, and present status of the National Academy of Sciences. We cite volume ii., pp. 157, 158:

"In March, 1863, during a session of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, he joined Prof. Bache in his scheme for the foundation of a National Academy of Science. Bache was a rather ambitious man, full of academic distinctions, and a lover of power. In 1860 Agassiz had him elected a corresponding member of the Academy of Science of the Institute of France, and from that moment Bache worked at the creation of a National Academy, to bear some analogy to the French one. Under the pretext that the Government at Washington might be in want of advice, directions, and reports on scientific subjects, Bache, supported by Agassiz and Joseph Henry, obtained, through Henry Wilson, then Vice-President of the United States, an act by the Thirty-seventh Congress 'to incorporate the National Academy of Science.'

"Agassiz, who knew the defects of close corporations with Government privileges, like the Institute of France, hesitated in following Bache, as did Joseph Henry. But both had been in such intimate relationship with Bache, and the American Association for the Advancement of Science, founded in 1848, had given such scanty results, notwithstanding the influence exerted on the committee by Prof. Bache and his friends, that they thought a trial might be made. Agassiz may be called one of the founders, but not the 'prime mover.' Returning from Washington, after the act was passed by Congress, Agassiz was certainly not an enthusiast on the subject, and even showed a dislike to talk about it, simply saying that 'the National Academy was mainly to satisfy Bache's ambition for control.' A friend told him that it would soon fall into the hands of politico-savants, which he admitted might be true; and, in fact, a few years after the death of Bache, Agassiz, and Henry, the National Academy became, as predicted, a tool in the hands of ambitious Government employees at Washington."

Whether or not one should here read between the lines "pas même académicien," we are not disposed to inquire, in view of the fact that dissensions among the ninety-odd American immortals have often been expressed in identical terms within the verge of the Academy's chaste enceinte.

Our notice would be incomplete without some reference to Agassiz's religious opinions, as reflected by his biographer. His scientific conceptions seem to present-day scientists radically wrong; how, then, about that measure of ignorance which he, like most intellectual men, bundle up in what may be called a creed or confession of faith? Very likely Agassiz, like Faraday, Gray, and many other great scientists, knew the difference between what he knew and what he did not know, and was thus able to keep his science and his religion in separate watertight and fireproof compartments. Very likely, also, he could feel to the depths of his spiritual nature the difference between living religion and dead ecclesiasticism. Marcou cites on this score a letter written by Agassiz to the rector of Neuchâtel, December 14, 1841, during the tempest in a teapot which arose over some of Agassiz's *sans-façon* dealings with dogma:

"Heureusement que les temps de Galilée n'existent plus; mais aussi y a-t-il bien moins de mérite qu'alors à ne pas composer avec les

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prétensions des *Ministres de l'Église*, et ce n'est certes pas une couronne de martyre que j'espère conquérir. Je dis 'de l'Église,' et par là j'entends les ministres de *tous* les cultes, qu'ils soient protestants, catholiques, juifs, ou mahométans, *qui ne veulent faire de progrès en rien*. Notez bien que je ne dis pas 'de la Religion.' N'oubliez pas que mes doctrines ne peuvent porter d'atteinte qu'à l'enseignement des docteurs de l'Église, et nullement aux vérités de la Religion." (I., p. 193)

Agassiz's religious ideas or ideals seem to have developed along the lines thus indicated, and his maturest views were probably not markedly different in spirit. We must make room for one more extract, of not much later date than the above, it is true, but no doubt reflecting what became an habitual frame of mind. Marcou is speaking (i., p. 231), but what he cites from a letter of Agassiz to Adam Sedgwick, June, 1845, is nothing different from what most scientists would say or have said:

"Agassiz, after his student life, was not a materialist, but a spiritualist, in natural history, an adversary both of agnosticism and of pietism; for he says: 'I dread quite as much the exaggeration of religious fanaticism, borrowing fragments from science, imperfectly, or not all, understood, and then making use of them to prescribe to scientific men what they are allowed to see or to find in nature.'"

Altogether we shall be surprised if this work does not make a sensation which will be felt far beyond scientific circles. Some of Agassiz's old pupils, now numbered in the hierarchy, are not likely to let it pass without rising to remark upon various points. As a piece of literary handicraft, it is altogether admirable. As a biography, it is a model of much that ought to be in every biography and of some things to be sedulously shunned. The book is beautifully printed, the type is clear, the volumes are of handy size, and all the niceties of composition are observed. The illustrations are few, but of particular interest. The author's command of another than his mother tongue is perfect, and he need not have apologized for introducing so many pages of French text; most readers will be glad he did so. If there be a fault of the author's English style, it is too close pointing—construction of clauses too peppery with commas. The French text is all but faultless, as we should expect it to be under the circumstances; but Latin names have not always fared so well at the printer's hands, as witness "Corregonus" and "Jaucus."

WOMAN'S ENTRANCE INTO MEDICINE.

Pioneer Work in Opening the Medical Profession to Women: Autobiographical Sketches by Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, author of 'The Moral Education of the Young,' etc. Longmans, Green & Co. 1895. Pp. 265.

THE story of the woman who took the first medical degree in America, and who was also first admitted to the practice of medicine in England, is a story of very great interest; it is told in this book in a very effective manner, and with perfect modesty and simplicity.

Elizabeth Blackwell was born in England, the third of a family of nine children, more than one of whom turned out to be unusually gifted. She dwells upon the advantage of growing up in the midst of a large group of brothers and sisters. The natural and healthy discipline which children exercise upon one another, the variety of tastes and talents, the cheerful companionship, even the rivalries, misunderstandings, and reconciliations, where free play is given to natural disposition under wise but not too rigid oversight, form an excellent discipline, she believes, for after-life. When she was eleven years old, the family moved to New York, and some years later to Cincinnati. She was seventeen when her father died, leaving the family unprovided for. She and her two older sisters opened a school, which they carried on successfully; and acquaintance with the very intelligent circle of New England society settled in Cincinnati, of which the Rev. W. H. Channing, nephew of Ellery Channing, was the inspiring centre, furnished a congenial atmosphere for their years of young womanhood. After the school was given up, Elizabeth taught in a small town in Kentucky, where she gained her first practical experience of negro slavery; her letters give a graphic description of the crude civilization of a Western slave State at that period. During some further teaching in other Southern States, the idea of studying medicine had finally taken shape with her, and then began the nearly hopeless effort to find a medical school which would admit a woman. 'Some glimmering of comfort she may have got from the indecision, at least, of one Philadelphia physician, who said to her, "You have awakened trains of thought upon which my mind is taking action, but I cannot express an opinion to you"; and upon being further urged, "I beg leave to state clearly that the operation of my mind upon this matter I do not feel at liberty to unfold." But usually the response was very prompt.

The story of the accident by which it happened that the Medical College of Geneva, N. Y., finally opened its doors to Miss Blackwell is of critical moment in the history of the progress which women have made in these eventful fifty years. We condense it from a letter which was published in 1892 by a well-known physician of New York who had been one of her fellow-students, and which is given in the appendix to this book:

"The class, numbering about 150 students, was composed largely of young men from the neighboring towns. They were rude, boisterous, and riotous beyond comparison. During lectures it was often impossible to hear the professors, owing to the confusion. Some weeks after the course began, the dean appeared before the class with a letter in his hand which, he said, contained the most extraordinary request that had ever been made to the faculty. The letter was written by a physician of Philadelphia, who requested the faculty to admit as a student a lady who was studying medicine in his office. They had decided, he said, to leave the matter in the hands of the class, with this understanding, that if any single student objected to her admission, a negative reply would be returned. It subsequently appeared that the faculty did not intend to admit her, but took this plan, which they thought would be a perfectly safe one, of avoiding the responsibility of a refusal.

"But the affair assumed a ludicrous aspect to the class, and the announcement was received with uproarious demonstrations of favor. At a meeting which was held in the evening, the most extravagant speeches were made in favor of admitting the lady, and were enthusiastically cheered. The vote was finally taken, with what seemed to be one unanimous yell, 'Yea!' When the negative vote was called, a single voice was heard uttering a timid 'No.' The scene that followed passes description. A general rush was made for the corner of the room which emitted the voice, and the recalcitrant member was only too glad to acknowledge his error, and to record his vote in the affirmative. . . .

"Two weeks or more elapsed, and as the lady student did not appear, the incident of her application was quite forgotten, and the class continued in its riotous career. One morning, all unexpectedly, a lady entered the lecture-room with the professor; she was quite small of stature, plainly dressed, appeared diffident and retiring, but had a firm and determined expression of face. Her entrance into that bedlam of confusion acted like magic upon every student. Each hurriedly sought his seat, and the most absolute silence prevailed. For the first time a lecture was given without the slightest interruption, and every word could be heard as distinctly as if there had been but a single person in the room. The sudden transformation of this class from a band of lawless desperadoes to gentlemen, by the mere presence of a lady, proved to be permanent in its effects. A more orderly class of medical students was never seen than this, and it continued to be so to the end of the term. . . . In the honor list of the roll of graduates for that year appears the name of Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell."

We have no space to describe the untiring effort which had still to be made before Dr. Blackwell had added to her course of study the experience in the London and Paris hospitals which she, being in advance of the medical students of her time, deemed essential to her preparation. But we must make room for the charming description of the teaching of one of the heads of the Paris Maternité, where, in spite of sufferings from bad air and bad food, she spent some months; it shows what teaching means in the hands of one who is born with the vocation for it:

"If the pupils answer promptly and well, her satisfaction is extreme, her face grows beautiful, and her 'Bien, très bien!' does one good, it is so hearty; but if an unlucky pupil hesitate, if she speak too low, if intelligence or attention be wanting, there breaks forth the most admirable scolding I ever listened to. Alternately satirical and furious, she becomes perfectly on fire, looks up to heaven, clasps her hands, rises upon her chair: the next moment, if a good answer has redeemed the fault, all is forgotten, her satisfaction is as great as her anger. At first, I was a little shocked at this stormy instruction, but it produces wonderful results. If the girls keep their temper under it and do not cry, it comes right at last; but a tear is an unpardonable offence, and considered an insult and a misunderstanding. Madame Charrier is a woman of great experience and always speaks to the point, and her lessons are very useful."

It was during her stay at the Maternité that Dr. Blackwell became subject to an attack of purulent ophthalmia, which, in spite of the most devoted care on the part of physicians and fellow-nurses, resulted in the loss of one eye, and prevented her from becoming the great surgeon which she had hoped to be. The further study and travel in England, the return to New York to practise, the opening of a hospital in 1857, after she had been joined by her sister, Dr. Emily Blackwell, and Dr. Zachrzewska, and the final decision to continue her work in England—these and other interesting matters must be sought in the book itself.

Fanny Kemble, who often rendered generous help to benevolent institutions by the use of her great talent, was appealed to on behalf of this struggling infirmary. "She received us courteously and listened to us with kindness; but when she heard that the physicians of the institution were women, she sprang up to her full height, turned her flashing eyes upon us, and, with the deepest tragic tones of her magnificent voice, exclaimed, 'Trust a *woman!*—as a DOCTOR!—NEVER!'" Even this does not seem so remote from the present time as the fact that the Springfield *Republican* thought it worth while to reproduce the remark of the "sprightly Baltimore *Sun*" to the effect that the first woman medical student, if admitted to the profession, ought to confine her practice to diseases of the heart.

One of the vacations in her medical course was spent by Dr. Blackwell in the woman's department of the Blockley almshouse in

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Philadelphia; her eyes were there opened to the evil that is in the world, and the foundation was laid for that strong feeling of obligation which has led to an important part of the activity of her later years. Her little book on the 'Moral Education of the Young' was refused by twelve London publishers, and she was finally obliged to print it at her own expense, but its plain-speaking seems very innocent now. She believes that it has been well worth the efforts of a lifetime to have attained knowledge which justifies an attack on the root of all evil—viz., the pessimism which asserts that because forms of social evil have always existed in society, therefore they must continue to exist for ever.

An Artist in the Himalayas. By A. D. McCormick. Illustrated by over 100 original sketches made on the journey. Macmillan & Co. 1895.

Mr. McCormick, the artist who went to the Karakorams with Sir W. M. Conway, contributes in this volume an account of the picturesque aspects of the expedition. He does not attempt to add anything to the geographical information which has been given to the world by his leader. He is confessedly not a geographer, nor even a trained traveller. Previous to this Himalayan trip, his knowledge of the world was bounded on the east by London and on the west by Belfast. He had a studio in Chelsea, but orders came slowly, and he had brought himself to look the odds of farming or cattle-herding in the face when an opportunity to go out with Conway was put in his path by an *alter ego*, Jack Roudebush. The frontispiece shows Mr. McCormick to be a man of splendid strength, and he hailed vith enthusiasm a chance to use his muscles, draw new subjects, and see the world. Jack Roudebush was able to go, too, so his happiness must have been complete.

The serious work of the Conway expedition was the exploration of the Baltoro Glacier and the high mountain region in the neighborhood of the Golden Throne. Mr. McCormick adds some interesting details to what we already know about the ascent from Askole to Pioneer Peak, and the return journey through the seracs and over the endless moraine. On the day of the great and final climb he was knocked up, and with heroic self-effacement remained in camp rather than interfere with the chances of the others. The wonder is not that he was ill at such an altitude, but that he did so well. What would De Saussure have said to a man who could climb 20,000 feet within five months from the time he first saw a mountain? The kindness with which Mr. McCormick took to climbing finds a parallel in the facility with which his pencil lent itself to the reproduction of mountain scenes. His sketches bear no traces of the 'prentice hand. One cannot expect in black and white the mountain effects which M. Loppé has caught, but Mr. McCormick's drawings bear out what is said of them in the preface to 'Climbing in the Himalayas': "No traveller was ever accompanied by a better artist than Mr. McCormick, whose illustrations adorn this volume, and whose water-color sketches, some of which were recently exhibited, have received on all hands praise both high and well-merited."

We cannot pretend that Mr. McCormick's literary accomplishments are on the same plane with those which he possesses in the character of artist. He enjoyed what he saw and is energetic in description, but he is not always skilful. A certain redundancy of the ideas expressed by "dreaming," "color," "strangeness," is to be expected, but one would prefer to have them occasionally in the form of *entrées* rather than always in the solid form of joints. The style is not too stilted to exclude a passage like the first of the following extracts, nor too compact to exclude the second: "The row the Indian 'shandrydan' made was not enough for the Kashmiri, but he must let in six sets of cymbals round his coster-barrel arrangement, and the noise was infernal." "Early in the morning we sent off the tents and baggage, except the Colonel's, with whom I stayed till lunch, when it began to blow a perfect storm." On page 109, in the character sketch of Dr. Robertson, "not often" should be "not seldom," unless the rest of the context is strangely out of keeping. The passage at present runs: "Now he is known to every one in England, as he was then known to every one on India's northern frontier, as a man of rare courage, coolness, and determination, not often combined with political judgment." As we are told immediately after that "he either does the absolutely right thing, or, at any rate, selects the best in circumstances when all seem equally bad," it is to be presumed that Mr. McCormick does not mean to deny Dr. Robertson's political judgment.

None of Mr. McCormick's adventures was particularly remarkable, and, owing to the narrow limits of his travelling prior to 1892, he has no such standards of comparison as Sir W. M. Conway is constantly making use of. Descriptions of *ekka* rides are always good, but a professional humorist would probably make more out of the subject than Mr. McCormick has done. His comments on the Gurkhas emphasize their cheerfulness, strength, and courage, but sometimes reflect upon their loose morality. At the present moment their assistance is indispensable to success in any Himalayan expedition. A good many of the Fifth Gurkhas are receiving a sound training at the hands of Alpine experts, and, with the advantage of trained guides on the spot, some follower of the late Mr. Mummery may well hope to vanquish a better mountain than Pioneer Peak.

Among other matters of interest in Mr. McCormick's book we may single out the three following for special mention: First, he found that, in order to reproduce Eastern subjects, speed of execution was necessary. "Rapid sketching was the only way to catch hold of the effects, and I made a careful study of the details of the scene to add to it if required; but in all cases I tried to get effect and drawing down at once, as that was the only way to retain any of the spirit and go of the scene." The illustrations in this volume seem to be taken without modification from Mr. McCormick's sketch-books. They are less highly finished than the illustrations which he furnished to 'Climbing in the Himalayas,' but they are even more animated. We have praised Mr. McCormick's mountain drawings. It will, then, be considered no disparagement to say that we prefer his drawings of the native figure and costume. When people are the subjects, photographs are not to be compared with good drawings, but with mountains the case is different. Only an extraordinarily fine sketch can compare for excellence of representation with Signor Sella's photographs. Not one of Mr. McCormick's mountain pieces seems to us so satisfactory as the photogravure of Dych Tau in Mummery's 'Alps and Caucasus.' Secondly, Mr. McCormick, like all generous men who go to India, was fired by the spectacle of the hard, open-air work which English officers do during a considerable part of every year. He does not inflict upon his reader platitudes about the civilizing influence of Great Britain in that empire. He simply says he should like to take a hand himself. "Every evening in camp [at Srinagar], when the gray soft haze over the Bagh was lit up with the golden glory of the setting sun, we sat down with our companions, some of whom were officers come down from Gilgit, and smoked and talked of what each had seen and done, of war and adventure, and of living a life that made me feel it was the life a man should live. As I thought of the dreary days in the busy bustle of London and contrasted them with the glorious open life around, I felt that here was my abiding-place." Finally, the Conway expedition proceeded from beginning to end without hitch, accident, or unpleasantness. If men are of the right sort, nothing brings them together so close as experiences of adventure and danger. Anyhow, it is pleasant to read of an important exploration party which has no "Rear-guard" skeletons in its closet.

A Handbook of Greek Sculpture. By Ernest Arthur Gardner, M.A. Part I. Macmillan & Co. 1896. 8vo, pp. 268.

This is the first volume of a projected series of Handbooks of Archæology and Antiquities. It deals with the history of Greek sculpture down to Phidias inclusive, breaking off just before the discussion of the Parthenon marbles. There are fifty-five well-executed half-tone illustrations. The second and concluding part of the work is expected to appear in the course of the present year.

For all its brevity, this handbook must take rank at once as the best account of Greek sculpture existing in English. Mrs. Mitchell's 'History of Ancient Sculpture,' published in 1883, is praiseworthy and useful, but (so rapidly does new material accumulate) it is already antiquated in parts, especially in regard to early Attic sculpture. Moreover, it is disfigured by many shockingly bad illustrations. And, finally, its text is rather that of a painstaking and judicious compiler than that of an independent master of the subject. Mr. A. S. Murray's 'History of Greek Sculpture' has the advantage of being the work of a trained and distinguished archæologist. Originally published in 1880–'83, it was reissued in a second edition in 1890, but only the first volume was revised, and that very inadequately. It is, moreover, costly, and, while excellent in parts, is of very uneven merit. The small 'Manual of Ancient Sculpture,' by M. Paris, "edited and augmented" by Miss Jane E. Harrison, though it has received no little praise, swarms with blunders and absurdities, the responsibility for which, it is only fair to say, rests chiefly with the English editor. There are no other books in English which come into consideration. There was thus real need for a work which should trace the history of Greek sculpture with a master's hand, and with due regard to the whole available mass of material. That need Mr. Gardner has admirably supplied.

In his Introduction he discusses (*a*) the sources of our knowledge of the subject, (*b*) the materials and processes of Greek sculpture, (*c*) the use of sculpture for architectural decoration, and (*d*) the chronological arrangement to be observed in the sequel. The second section, on a subject to which Mr. Gardner has made important contributions, especially in a paper published in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* for 1890, will be of especial value to

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the student. The history proper, so far as completed, falls into three chapters. Chap. i. deals with 'Early Influences,' chap. ii. with 'The Rise of Greek Sculpture (600–480 B. C.),' chap. iii. (incomplete) with 'The Fifth Century (480-400 B. C.).' Exhaustiveness of treatment is of course not aimed at, but the outlines of the subject are clearly and firmly drawn. The limitations of space and perhaps the temper of the author have reduced æsthetic criticism to a minimum. The term "history" is interpreted strictly, and the author seems half to apologize (p. 209) for introducing a cursory description of two or three works whose exact period and school cannot be definitely assigned. In short, the book is scientific in spirit. It aims at understanding, leaving enjoyment to take care of itself. Its most distinguishing characteristic is a rigorous exclusion of conjecture, however dazzling. But, for all its severity, it is thoroughly readable, and even fascinating.

While, of course, some of Mr. Gardner's views are open to discussion, we have noted almost no statements that could positively be pronounced incorrect. The head upon the statue of Aristogiton in Naples is said, on page 183, to be Lysippean in character. This head was enumerated by Graef among the copies of the Meleager, which, according to our present lights, is attributable to Scopas, or an immediate pupil of Scopas. The evidence on which Prof. Furtwängler bases his identification of the Athena Lemnia of Phidias is not quite correctly stated on page 265. There are two copies (not one) in Dresden of the statue in question; and it is not true that "the head of the Dresden statue is made in a separate piece." In the one statue the head, still partially preserved, was of one piece with the body; in the other the head was indeed separate, but it is now missing altogether. These trifling slips, however, do not affect Mr. Gardner's main contention, viz., that Prof. Furtwängler's brilliant identification, which seems to have been generally accepted in Germany, is without adequate evidence. For our own part, we are inclined to rate more highly than Mr. Gardner does the strength of the proof advanced; but the general attitude of mind which he displays in this, as in other matters, cannot be too warmly commended.

Statistics and Sociology. By Richmond Mayo-Smith. Macmillan & Co. 1895.

THIS volume is offered as the first part of a "systematic Science of Statistics"; but the claim appears to be somewhat too broad. In fact, it is only by a stretch of language that it can be described as a scientific treatise at all. The author seems to make no clear distinction between statistics in general and the statistics of human society in particular, nor does he appear to have considered the method necessarily employed in the study of human society, whether by means of statistics or otherwise. The definition of statistics as consisting "in the observation of phenomena which can be counted or expressed in figures" is altogether inadequate. Every other human being, as well as the census-taker, according to this definition, is a statistician. *Lord Dundreary* was a statistician when he observed that his toes were equal in number to his fingers, and the child beginning to count is engaging in statistical investigation. Number is the widest of all the categories, and it cannot be admitted that statistics is nothing but arithmetic. It is undoubtedly true that unless phenomena can be enumerated they are not available for the use of the statistician; but as practically all phenomena can be counted, this limitation is vain. It is the classification of phenomena that makes them available for scientific purposes; and without a clear comprehension of the principles and methods of scientific classification, the accumulation and analysis of figures profit nothing.

We are told, it is true, that the method of statistical observation is not of universal application, but we are not told when it is applicable, or how it is to be applied. We are advised that "fittingness and suggestiveness are more important" than mere accumulation of facts—a principle which is undoubtedly true, but lacks scientific precision. So of the statement that "always and everywhere with statistical analysis comes the question whether our classification is legitimate and scientific." Many such questions are suggested by our author, but he contents himself with asking the questions and not answering them. He observes that as population fluctuates it is necessary, in considering births, deaths, marriages, etc., "to adopt some sort of rate." But concerning the standard to be adopted we are left in the dark. "The most simple is that of the whole population." It has certain advantages, certain disadvantages; but whether the advantages outweigh the disadvantages or not we are not told, nor are we informed of the principles upon which such problems are determined. In comparing phenomena we are warned to take care that the comparison is a fair one, and advised to select typical statistics "which will prove the point in hand," sufficient in number "to show that the rule is general and not exceptional." Such counsels as these merely suggest the difficulties of scientific investigation. They show how fallacious are the inferences that may be derived from collections of figures, but they do not show how these fallacies may be avoided.

On the whole, while we concur in the opinion that "if we are not to be entirely confused and overwhelmed by the mere mass of data and by the conflicting conclusions to which they seem to lend support, it is necessary that we strive for and attain absolute clearness in respect to the ends to be sought and the methods of seeking them," we do not think this absolute clearness has been obtained in the present work. Indeed, we incline to the view that this treatise is not concerned directly with the science of statistics. It is essentially a collection of inferences from census reports and other collections of figures, many of which are no doubt valid, many also suggestive and interesting, but all, so far as we have observed, insufficiently verified. The United States census of 1890 was in several respects improperly taken, and some of its defects have been so thoroughly exposed as to be notorious. But in these pages we have failed to find any regard paid to its untrustworthy character, and inferences derived from its tables are offered without proper warning. It is hardly necessary to say that if there is to be any statistical science, it can be developed only from premises which have been themselves established in accordance with the canons of inductive logic. Conclusions derived from unverified observations belong not to the realm of science, but to that of speculation.

Although we cannot regard this work as sufficiently critical to possess much scientific value, it would be unjust to ignore its merits. It is full of observations which prove the author to be well aware of the worthlessness of much which passes for statistics, and to be familiar with the conditions upon which correct inductions are to be obtained. As a practical treatise it abounds in information which, while not meeting the strict requirements of scientific tests, is yet sufficiently accurate for ordinary purposes. Evidence may be in many respects imperfect and untrustworthy, and yet be admissible as revealing the existence of tendencies. It is in the discovery and isolation of such tendencies that the author does his best work, and achieves results of positive value. The principal rubrics comprehend the most important conditions of man as a social being—birth, death, marriage, sex, age, and crime. There are chapters also on the infirm and dependent, on race, and on migration. These chapters are full of interesting matter, presented in an attractive and readable way. There is very little positive and dogmatic statement, and if the author's conclusions are accepted subject to the cautions and reservations with which he offers them, the book will be found to be of service by the legislator as well as by the student of human society. And this, when we consider the manner in which statistics are generally collected, is more than can be said of most works of this kind.

The Development of Parliament during the Nineteenth Century. By G. Lowes-Dickinson, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. Longmans, Green & Co. 1895. Pp. vi, 183.

"THE object of the following pages is twofold: first, to recount, as briefly and clearly as may be, the process of the 'democratization' of Parliament; secondly, to put what appears to me one of the most important questions to which that process has given rise—the question of the competence of a democratic House of Commons to direct to a satisfactory issue the socialistic tendencies of the future."

In this opening paragraph of the preface is clearly stated the plan of a very instructive and suggestive book, a book which, in less than two hundred pages of large print, brings England and the world face to face with a most remarkable transformation, not in the least understood by its authors and scarcely by its subjects. To analyze it adequately, to give even a correct idea of this work, by the minimum of quotation from its startling and illuminating epigrams, would be beyond the space at our command. A short summary must suffice, in the hope of sending readers to a book sadly needed in the day when Americans are talking about the danger from the spread of English monarchical institutions.

The authors and the opponents of Parliamentary reform in 1832 never contemplated a democratic remodelling of the ancient constitution of King, Lords, and Commons; they believed Parliament was, and ought to be, the means whereby varied elements and varied interests, weighed and not counted, should combine to preserve an ancient and complex system. The Tories maintained that this was perfectly done by the existing arrangement; the Whigs held that, by one act of vigorous readjustment, it might be done very much better; and the mass of the burgher class, who were the chief agents in forcing Lord Grey's Government to carry "the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill," would have utterly scorned Samuel Warren's sarcastic title, "A bill for giving everybody everything." But the precedent had been set for changing the prescriptive system; and henceforth no change, however radical, was impossible. Yet no change was attempted for twenty years—and from 1852 to 1867 each new reform bill was taken up, as we should say, "to make political capital," and

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not from any strong pressure from any class. Both of the great parties had united in opposing the sweeping constitutional changes advocated by the physical-force Chartists in 1840; and when these rose against a Whig Government, their counsel were Tory lawyers, whose politics were as unsympathetic as possible.

Every Reform Bill up to 1867 contemplated some new delicate adjustment of interests, not with a view to increasing the electorate, but to developing a greater variety of respectable constituencies; but none of these cunning devices met with any response till Disraeli's artful plan, transformed by the shock of clashing intrigues into a measure so democratic that it startled the very Radicals, added a vast body of urban constituents, because numerical increase was the only change that could be understood. Yet even then, Mr. Lowe, who had had in Australia an experience in which very few of his colleagues shared, was the only statesman of any party who understood and explained what had come about. Another half generation completed the work, democratized the county constituencies as well as the city, swept away, in only fifty years from the days of the first Reform Bill, the balanced and varied Parliament with which centuries had been familiar, and created a numerical electorate of millions, the representatives having practically changed their character to delegates.

Meanwhile the democracy—that is, the working classes, into whose hands the author well says the upper and middle classes have been forcing the political power—have, by a series of strange steps (chartism and trades-unionism among them), arrived at a position of a very socialistic character, in which the almost unchecked authority of a workingman's House of Commons stands an excellent chance of being used for a still further extension of suffrage, to include all adults—not merely women, but paupers—and for a redistribution of property in the very spirit of Karl Marx. Such an entire overthrow of English traditions never was in the mind of those who passed the Reform Acts of 1832, 1867, and 1884. But it is entirely on the cards if all the legislative power is in the hands of a single unchecked body—a national convention which, however loudly it might claim to represent the people, would really leave very much of what makes and always has made England, unrepresented. The only hope for law and property is in a second chamber.' The author considers the House of Lords in its history and its capabilities. He contends that the charge, constantly levelled against it, of having obstructed and defeated the popular will is untrue; that, however obsolete the hereditary principle may be, and in need of substitution, it would be far more easy to make such substitution and reform the upper house than to save England from anarchy if it were abolished.

As was said above, this is a bare and very imperfect summary of the argument, omitting the terse and pointed language, the keen illustrative power, the grave yet hopeful tone of the book. It is, in all respects, the work of an historian, a scholar, a patriot, and a philosopher, and deserves to be widely read and deeply studied.

Masters of Italian Music. By R. A. Streatfeild. Scribners. Pp. 270.

In our comments on the 'Masters of German Music,' in the series entitled "Masters of Contemporary Music," the fact was noted that Mr. Maitland did not have a very imposing list of masters to deal with. Yet that German list, which included Brahms, Max Bruch, Goldmark, Rheinberger, Kirchner, Reinecke, Bargiel, Hofmann, Bruckner, Nikodé, Richard Strauss, and six others, is infinitely more imposing than the meagre array of Italian names at the service of Mr. Streatfeild—Verdi, Boïto, Mascagni, Puccini, Leoncavallo, Sgambati, Bazzini, and Mancinelli. Were it not for the veteran Verdi, now in his eighty-third year, this list of "masters" would seem almost comic, and it certainly reveals in a most painful way the decadence of musical Italy. Our author seems to realize the situation. He clings to Verdi with the despair of a man who sees a desert before him, and not till he has given him more than half the pages in his book does he proceed to the others. He knows that "at the present time, and indeed for many years past, music in Italy has meant opera, and opera alone." Yet lately the tendency of this opera has been "towards melodrama of an unusually sordid and objectionable type." And what makes matters worse, this tendency is already overcome, so that the author, while ostensibly treating of contemporary "masters," is really writing the history of an ephemeral fad. The account he gives (174) of the honors paid to Mascagni on account of his fifth-rate, vulgar "Cavalleria Rusticana" makes very amusing reading even to-day, and the joke will grow richer with keeping.

Yet, with the exception of Verdi and of Boïto (a man of one opera, now in his fifty-fourth year), Mascagni is the most talented of contemporary Italian composers. Leoncavallo is less vulgar, but also less spontaneous, and to call either of these or any of the others of the young men "masters" is a serious misuse of terms. They do not deserve to be incorporated in a musical history any more than the erotic ephemeral novelists of our time deserve, or will secure, a place in literary history. At the same time one can understand Mr. Streatfeild's perplexity. He was called upon to write about the famous Italian composers of the day; and as he could find only two who came under that head, he had to make notoriety take the place of fame in the other cases. As it is, the value of his book lies partly in the demonstration it gives of Italy's present musical poverty, and partly in the chapters on Verdi and Boïto, which are well written and interesting. If the book were called 'Verdi and Others,' its scope and value would be more obvious.

From Far Formosa. By G. L. Mackay, D.D. Fleming H. Revell Co. 1895.

Those writing to Tamsui or Taiwan must now address their letters "Japanese Empire." As valuable as timely is this richly freighted volume treating of the country and people that may be said to be restored, rather than awarded as the spoils of war, to Japan. Formosa has an area of 15,000 square miles and a population of nearly 4,000,000. The climate is excessively trying to foreigners, for the island lies betwixt the monsoons and the Kuro Shiwo, or Black Current of the Pacific, and between the twentieth and twenty-fifth degrees north latitude. It is a land of tropical heat, of constant and excessive moisture, of intense energy in vegetable life, with quick growth and rapid decay, and of chronic malaria in the lowlands. The eastern part of the island is a great mountain mass, having a rocky seaface, for the most part without harbors, while the western portion contains plateaus, plains, and soil of amazingly fertile character.

This well-written, well-arranged, and well-indexed volume is probably the first general work descriptive of the country and people. It presents facts collected and classified by one who has spent twenty-three years on the island among all varieties of people, native and foreign. The author, Dr. Mackay, was sent out by the Canadian Presbyterian Church. Admirably equipped for his work by nature and otherwise, he belongs to that too rare type of missionaries who work for the bodies as well as the souls of men. Dr. Mackay's idea, from the first, has been to raise up a native ministry, to find common ground of both faith and works, and to fit men to be preachers and livers of the Gospel in Formosa especially. Where he found no seed planted, there are now sixty churches, over a thousand communicant members, and thousands of Christian adherents. He has done what some missionaries fail utterly in doing—disarmed the prejudices of the white merchant, traveller, and tourist, and made the foreign residents his helpers and sympathizers. He has visited the wild savages in their mountain fastnesses, and has never quailed before howling mobs or men with murderous intent. Formosa is the land of toothache and malaria. When Dr. Mackay could not preach the Gospel, he extracted teeth and dispensed medicine. He has drawn out of their sockets no fewer than twenty-one thousand decayed teeth. He has studied the flora, fauna, minerals, and resources of Formosa. Hence, his pages have unique value to the man of science. At Tamsui, his headquarters, he has colleges for men and women, and museums for the study of the ethnology, religious and natural features and products of Formosa, and he gives his young preachers, as far as possible, a very practical and many-sided education. His story, modestly told, possesses thrilling interest, and is much assisted by maps and illustrations.

Dr. Mackay married a native Formosan lady, and the frontispiece portrays himself and family. For the book in its present form the Rev. J. A. Macdonald is responsible, Dr. Mackay having sailed away for Formosa in October, fully believing that the Japanese occupation will greatly improve the general situation, and confident that his plans are flexible enough to meet the new problems.

There is an aboriginal population of Formosa, dwelling in the mountains and jungles, whose ruling passion is head-hunting. These swoop from their mountain lairs upon the Chinese engaged in camphor-wood cutting, rice-farming, or rattan-pulling. The houses of the chiefs and warriors are decorated with the spoils of many years, and Chinese brain-sauce is a favorite tit-bit at a feast. These mountain savages also look upon the Chinese with supreme contempt, and direct their hatred also against those aborigines who have been conquered by the Chinese and have adopted the dress, cue, and religion of their conquerors. These subject people are called Pe-po-hoans, and occupy, in the main, the plateaus between the littoral and the mountains. The mountain savages look upon all men who do not wear the cue as their kinsmen, and this augurs well for the Japanese attempt to win them over to loyalty and obedience. The story of the French bombardment and invasion is told with wonderful fairness, and a chapter describing the work of the English Presbyterians in Southern Formosa (the Canadian Mission having the northern part for their field) concludes this extremely valuable work.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Argyll, the Duke of. The Philosophy of Belief; or, Law in Christian Theology. Scribners. $5.

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At Wellesley: Legenda for 1896. Published for the Senior Class. Putnams. $1.
Badlam, Anna B. Views on Africa. Parts One and Two. [The World and its People.] Silver, Burdett & Co. Each 45c.
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Cannan, Edwin. The History of the Local Rates in England. Longmans, Green & Co. 75c.
Daudet, Alphonse. Tartarin of Tarascon. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. $1.
Fde, Rev. W. M. The Attitude of the Church to Some of the Social Problems of Town Life. Cambridge: University Press; New York: Macmillan. 70c.
Fitzgerald, Percy. The Life of Laurence Sterne. 2 vols. London: Downey & Co.; New York: Scribners. $3.
Hale, W. B. Hand-Book on the Law of Bailments and Carriers. St. Paul: West Publishing Co. $3.75.
James, Prof. William. Is Life Worth Living? Philadelphia: S. B. Weston. 50c.
Kimball, Hannah P. Soul and Sense. Boston: Copeland & Day. 75c.
Lampman, Archibald. Lyrics of Earth. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.
Maitland, F. W. Select Passages from the Works of Bracton and Azo. London: Bernard Quaritch.
Naurouze, Jacques. A travers la Tourmente. Paris: Colin & Cie.
Out of Town. Harpers. $1.25.
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